



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

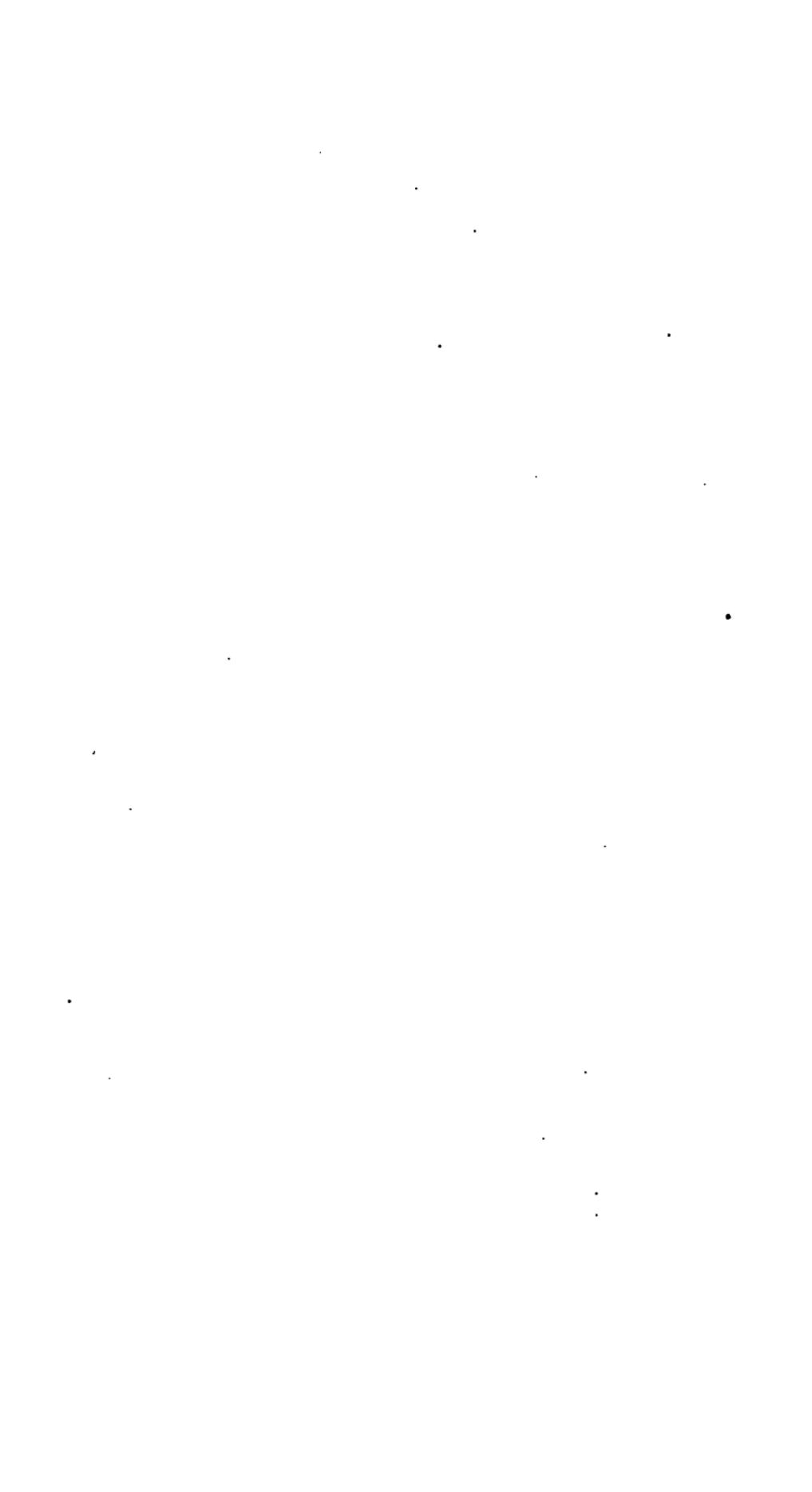




600069362W







THE  
STORY OF MY LIFE.

BY  
LORD WILLIAM LENNOX,

AUTHOR OF  
“COMPTON AUDLEY,” “WELLINGTON IN PRIVATE LIFE,”  
“PHILIP COURtenay,” &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:  
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,  
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,  
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1857.

The right of Translation is reserved.

249. W. 162.

LONDON:  
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

THE  
STORY OF MY LIFE.

---

CHAPTER I.

“Thy father—away—I renounce the soft claim,  
Thou blot to my honour, thou blast to my name.”

ARTAXERXES.

THE apparition of a justly incensed parent had been so sudden and unexpected, that for a moment I stood aghast, pale, and trembling; at length I summoned up sufficient courage to stammer out an explanation;

“Arthur,” said my father interrupting me, “do not attempt to palliate your conduct, your mother and myself are fully aware of all that

The noble, generous, conduct of Sir William, produced so powerful an effect upon my mind, that I inwardly resolved to amend my life, and render myself worthy of his forgiveness. Just as I had completed my toilet, the "boots" rapped at the door, and informed me that Mr. Abraham wished to see me, "show him in," I exclaimed, and at the word the Israelite entered.

"Very unhandsome conduct on the part of your friend, Mr. Purchas," said the enraged outfitter, "he has sailed without paying me five guineas for one of Dollond's night glasses, besides a small sum of five-and-twenty shillings for a black satin scarf, total six pounds ten. I shall, however, report him to the Admiralty. It's a shameful swindle."

"Five-and-twenty shillings for a scarf," thought I, "it is a swindle."

"And you, Mr. Pembroke," he continued, "I mean no offence—but as Mr. Purchas is your reference, and you are a minor, I must decline the order, without you pay a deposit, and give me a bill for twenty pounds."

“Breakfast is ready, Sir,” said a voice from without.

“Pack up my portmanteau,” said I, addressing George Renton, who was the king of that most useful fraternity called “boots,” he being an excellent valet withal, and for brushing—polishing—laying out one’s clothes, and stowing a large quantity in a small space, second to none.

“Well, Mr. Abraham,” I proceeded, “as you have not yet commenced the order I gave you the day before yesterday, do nothing until you hear further from me.”

“I assure you, Mr. Pembroke,” responded the tradesman, “it’s my wish to do everything that is handsome, and liberal, and if you will forward me the remittance, and the bill, I mentioned, I shall be happy to put the job in hand at once.”

“You shall hear from me presently,” I replied, anxious to put an end to the conversation, so bowing the Hebrew out, I descended to the breakfast-room, where I found my father waiting, without the slightest trace of resentment upon his brow. Before our meal

was half over, the voice of Mr. Levi Abraham attracted my attention, as if in controversy with some one.

“Mr. Pembroke is with his father, Sir William, and I have orders to admit no one,” said the waiter.

“Only one word—give my card—I have waited upon the young gentleman by his express order.”

“I’ll take in your name Mr. Abraham, and as the carriage is ordered at twelve, there’s no time to be lost.”

“Thank you, Mr. Stevens,” replied the wily tradesman, “and, perhaps, you will oblige me by accepting this Bandana handkerchief, I sold a piece of it yesterday to Colonel Cameron —seven for fifty six shillings, quite a bargain.”

“Show Mr. Abraham in,” said my father, the Israelite entered.

“When will it suit you, Mr. Pembroke,” said he in the most obsequious manner, “to try on your uniform? the dirk, belt, and cap, are quite ready—and the chronometer, which your friend Mr. Purchas spoke about for you, has

been regulated—it is one of the best we ever had."

Turning to Sir William, I candidly laid before him the whole of the proceeding, from my first interview with Abraham to the last, "advise me father," I continued, "henceforth my sole object shall be to attend to your counsel."

"I am sorry Mr. Abraham," said Sir William, "that you have had the trouble of calling, but as the order was not commenced, you have not been a sufferer, your attempt to get a deposit and a bill for those articles which are not deemed necessaries by law is a practice I highly disapprove of, and your encouraging a mere youth to run into debt does not redound much to your credit."

The wily Hebrew looked crest-fallen, and was about to enter into an explanation, when my father interrupted him.

"It is needless to prolong this interview," said he, "if you have anything further to communicate, may I request you will do so in writing." Abraham took his departure, still

smiling and grinning, and showing externally no sign of anger, or threatening that revenge, which his Venetian prototype did, when his usury was exposed. At twelve o'clock, my father's travelling carriage was at the door, and albeit stung to the quick at my late misdeeds, and the ingratitude I had shewn to my kind-hearted parents, I left Portsmouth with a much lighter heart than when I entered it. During the journey, my father carefully avoided any conversation that could bear on the past, and it was not until we approached the Abbey gates, that I remembered the duplicity I had practised towards an affectionate mother, whom I dreaded to meet, for conscience told me how ill I had requited the unremitting affection she had lavished upon me from my cradle. But my fears were groundless, for as we passed the lodge, a gentle voice told the post-boy to stop, and in a second I had descended from the carriage, and was locked in my mother's arms.

“Think no more of the past,” said she, “except as a warning for the future. Your

father, and need I add, myself, have forgiven all that has occurred, you have now an opportunity of restoring yourself to his and my confidence, the army still affords an honourable opening, and if, as I fervently hope and trust, you have resolutely determined to amend your life, I will venture to prophecy that in less than a month, you will be gazetted to one of the finest regiments in His Majesty's service." A weight seemed to be taken off my mind, and with tearful eyes, I sobbed out my thanks, promising to obey implicitly both her and my father's wishes. Anxious to recover the self-possession which had left me during this trying interview, I proposed that we should extend our walk towards the pheasantry, a secluded spot within an easy walk of the lodge, but my considerate parent had anticipated the feeling which prompted me to make this request, for at the very moment, her pony carriage drove up, and upon taking a seat by her side, she proposed a drive to the neighbouring town of Chichester, where she had some commissions to execute for Sir William. This motive, however, was not the sole one which

influenced Lady Pembroke, she felt that by being seen together, it would disarm the ill-nature of many who were strongly, and I am bound to admit, not unjustly, prejudiced against me; nor were her calculations wrong upon this occasion, for as we trotted through the principal streets of this ancient city, many an individual who would have censured me in my absence, saw my conduct in a different light when upon affectionate terms with one so universally respected in the neighbourhood.

“Why, I declare, there’s Master Arthur with her ladyship,” said the blooming young lady, who presided over the counter of the fancy emporium for stationary, music, toys, and children’s book.

“Quite a case of the prodigal son,” responded a prim old maid, who was bargaining for a Tonbridge ware paper cutter.

“And I declare,” remarked the elder sister of the first speaker, “Master Arthur will be in time to take a ticket for our lottery,” then turning to the spinster, added, “a beautiful prize, Miss, Shakespeare’s plays, elegantly bound, in a

small elaborately carved oak book case," but it would be endless to mention all the remarks that were made upon the occasion by the tradesmen and loungers of this then bustling town. Those who remember Chichester in its palmy days, would scarcely believe the dulness that now prevails there, many of the principal shops are closed, the barracks instead of being occupied by some crack infantry corps and two squadrons of cavalry, are now principally devoted to the sick and wounded of the Crimean army, and are only occasionally enlivened by the presence of a detachment of militia.\* The theatre where George Frederick Cooke, Edmund Kean, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Mardyn, and a variety of histrionic talent once figured, is now used as a granary ; Binstead's Library, the fashionable rendezvous of the idle ; the Swan, one of the best posting-houses in the county, no longer exist ; instead of carriages filled with well-dressed ladies from the neighbourhood standing,

\* The above was written during the war ; a dépôt battalion, second to none, now occupies the barracks, and adds much to the gaiety of the city.

at the doors of the mercers, booksellers, linen-drapers, or jewellers; in lieu of smart equestrians, and gallant pedestrians converting East Street into St. James's or Rotten Row, an occasional carriage, a solitary rider, or a few military men in mufti, form the throng that now appear in this deserted city.

Upon my return to the Abbey, I found that some changes had taken place during my temporary absence, and among the sudden departures were those of my former tutor Mr. Winterburn, and Mrs. Swacliffe, not that I mean to connect their movements. I could readily account for the Dominie's having left, because I was aware that he had been for some time looking out for a situation, but the flitting of the abigail, puzzled me not a little; every attempt to elucidate the truth proved a failure, for when I delicately hinted to my mother, my fears that she had been inconvenienced at having to procure a new maid, she replied in the affirmative, and then adroitly changed the subject.

Monsieur Gallois was not more communicative, he merely shrugged up his shoulders, and exclaimed: "Me know nothing." The house-

maid remarked, "there had been a deal said one way and another, but that for her part she could make neither head nor tail of it," the female who presided over the still-room department, observed, "that folks would talk ; but, as far as she was concerned, she had never seen any thing wrong, and if people would only mind their own business the world would wag better on." The coachman, "know'd" nothing except that there was a screw loose somewhere. The groom was quite in the dark, although he had heard that she was a little too skittish, and knew from experience that fillies would bolt. McAllister, the Scotch gardener, quaintly remarked that it was "awfu' deefecult to train young shoots in the right way." In short, every one seemed to insinuate that something extraordinary had occurred, albeit no one felt disposed to enlighten me upon the subject. My month of probation had nearly elapsed, during which period my studies had been carried on under the superintendance of the Reverend Mr. Foster, curate of the parish ; a man who possessed the happiest method of instruction, and who, when the hours of reading were over, devoted himself to cricket, rackets,

and other games in which I took part; the result was, that I regained all lost time, and although no great scholar, could have passed an examination for a commission in the army, had the present regulation then existed. Upon the very day month on which I returned to the Abbey, my father sent for me before breakfast, and as I passed the door of my mother's dressing-room, she came out, and imprinting a kiss on my forehead, congratulated me on a piece of good news, Sir William was about to communicate.

“I am happy to find,” said my father, as I was ushered into his presence, “that you have entirely fulfilled the pledge you made me, and that your conduct since your return from Portsmouth has been irreproachable, I too have not been unmindful of my promise, as this commission in one of the finest regiments in His Majesty’s service will prove; in last night’s Gazette, you will see yourself appointed to the Royal Horse Guards Blue, there is the newspaper,” and handing me the Courier, I read, “Arthur Pembroke Esq. gent. to be cornet without purchase.” To picture my delight

would be impossible, the height of my ambition had ever been to enter the cavalry, but I was fearful from my former misdeeds, that all I could reasonably expect from my father, was an ensigncy in the line. Thanking my indulgent parent with fervour, I ran off to my mother, who had evidently anticipated the appointment, for in wishing me joy of my honours, she presented me with a china inkstand and pen-tray, on which were painted an officer in uniform, and the badges of the corps, which distinguished as it was in itself, received no little glory from having Wellington as its Colonel.

“Sir William wishes you to join the regiment, as soon as possible,” continued my mother, “and we, therefore, propose going to London next week; after getting your chargers and your outfit, you will proceed to Windsor where the Blues are stationed.”

Before concluding this chapter, Purchas's adventures at the Blue Posts must be recorded; they were recounted to me by his friend Jenkins of the ‘Blake,’ and I give them in his words, omitting some portions of sea slang, which

might not be intelligible to the general reader. It appears that after leaving me, he adjourned to the above popular house of entertainment, where falling in with two of his chums, he ordered supper.

“Sorry, gentlemen,” said the waiter, “the cook’s gone to bed, and the larder’s locked up.”

“Is it?” responded Edward; and rushing down stairs, found the statement to be true, the kitchen was deserted, and the depository of good things carefully secured. “It’s lucky the fire is laid,” continued he, “I’ll soon get a blaze, and then take a cruise to see whether all the prog is under hatches.” Having applied a lighted match to the kindling wood, he proceeded on his search. “Why, what have we here? a leg of Southdown, I declare, all ready for spitting.” Taking the joint from the peg on which it hung in the passage, he returned to the kitchen, and soon commenced the operation of roasting; in the absence of a ladle, the process of basting was performed with a small tin saucepan. “‘Billy Ruffin,’

and 'Blake' ahoy!" shouted Purchas to his companions overhead, who were too much engrossed with a bowl of punch to attend to the summons.

"I should know that hail," said a voice at the top of the stairs, "it's the very young gentleman I'm in search of."

In less than a minute, Spicer, the master-at-arms of H.M.S. 'Daring' entered the kitchen, and to his great surprise found the middy employed in turning the spit.

"Please Mr. Purchas, the Captain has sent me after you, the ship's at single anchor, and we must go on board immediately."

"All right," responded the temporary cook, "I'll just get my coat, which is hanging outside; in the meantime, don't let the joint be spoilt, it will do capitally for your mess."

The youth placed the tempting roast under the care of the master-at-arms, and bounding up-stairs was soon out of sight, but in the flight, his garments suffered greatly, the tail of his coat having been caught by an iron peg,

and his trowsers laid hold of by a small cur, who acted as watch-dog.

“It would be a pity to lose this joint,” said the sailor, “and as I suppose it is paid for, I’ll just hail the waiter, and tell him to pack it up, the young gentleman is sure to come back afore daylight.”

Scarcely had he uttered these words, than the cook made her appearance, followed by the kitchen-maid and the waiter.

“Thieves, robbery, murder!” shouted the former, “they’ve broken open my larder.”

“Avast there,” responded Spicer. “It belongs to one of our young gentlemen. I’ll answer he came honestly by it.”

“A very pretty story,” responded the culinary artist, “but I insist upon payment: a bundle of faggots, two pence; coals one shilling, and joint six shillings—”

Spicer was completely taken aback at this unexpected demand, and began yawning about like a ship which had broken from her sheer in a tide way.

“Why, look ye, cook,” said he, “I arn’t much of a hand at a reckoning, my principle is pay and go, the young gentleman that ordered the joint has cut cable and run. I’ll soon make all sail, though we all know a stern chase is a long one, the moment I fall in with the privateer, out grappling irons and board him. Our skipper is on board, but Captain Wardlaw, who I sailed with ten years in the ‘*Melampus*’ is ashore, and would go bail for me for a hundred, but as he is out on the sly, and has doused swabs, gold laced scraper, and shipped storm ditto and pea jacket, I should not like to signal him ; if, however, you like to trust Joe Spicer, you’ll find all square and above board.”

Here the landlady made her appearance, and upon being informed of the circumstance that had occurred, gave immediate orders that the master-at-arms should no longer be detained.

“Thank ye, missus,” he responded, “and in less than half-an-hour, if I ain’t much out of my reckoning, I’ll have the middy in tow.”

And true was he to his word, for scarcely had five minutes elapsed, when he fell in with

him at a house hard by, a well-known resort of all naval youngsters.

“There, it’s all right, Spicer, I’ll follow you,” said Purchas, now a prisoner.

“Well, Mr. Purchas, you once gave me the slip, and let me in for a leg of mutton besides, which I shall see whether Captain Sutherland won’t make you pay for:—and now I’ve got you again, I’ll hold you tight.”

“I assure you, Spicer, I meant to go on board early, I only wanted to take leave of a friend, and bring young Pembroke with me.”

“Mr. Pembroke! his fame has arrived before him, and if all’s true we hear on him, His Majesty’s service won’t be worse off if he never joins; but you didn’t leave him at the fair, did you?”

“No, he hangs out at the George, and to prove the truth of what I say, I’ll write a line to him, to tell him to come here.”

“My orders are to look to you Mr. Purchas, and as you are a slippery gentleman, and the boat’s at the Sally Port handy, we’ll have no tacking, if you please, but run a straight course for she.”

“ Well, master-at-arms, I did try to give you the slip, but I now pledge my word I won’t do so again, and so to bind the bargain, call for a glass of anything you like before we start, and I’ve shot enough in the locker to pay for the leg of mutton. What shall I order ?”

“ A glass of Hollands, half and half—no ; if you please I’ll have it Dutch fashion. Hollands first, and water afterwards.”

No sooner had the master-of-arms drank off the spirits, than Purchas accompanied him to the jolly boat, which was ready waiting with a young middy in charge.

“ Nabbed at last,” exclaimed the reefer, “ you’ve been larking it they say; we heard of you. Where did you learn to dance ? they say you came the double shuffle uncommon strong.”

“ I learnt to dance, where I learnt to box, and can come both uncommon strong, as you will find if you don’t stow your gab.”

This rejoinder produced due effect, and Purchas taking his seat in the stern sheets, with Spicer by his side, the midshipman in

command gave orders for his boat, whose stern was on the beach, to shove off, amidst the appeal of one or two urchins of "please remember poor Jack," although it was past two in the morning. The wind being right on end, blowing in from the south-east, there was a good bobble running against the ebb tide, and very soon the jolly boat (in that day only a four-oared one) had enough to do to keep her head to the seas, and which she did not do without three dips into one hollow, heaving spray over everybody, as these boats were notorious for doing when hard pulled. It was a long tug before they got on board; which they did just at day-dawn, when they found the anchor was a-wash. Before coming alongside, (as the ship was beginning to gather way) orders were given for the jolly boat to hook on to the tackles, and she was speedily in her place with the whole crew on board; the captain and first lieutenant at that moment turned their eyes round to the drenched crew, while the youngsters to leeward, when they caught sight of Purchas were convulsed with suppressed

laughter, and well might they indulge in their risible faculties, for their scrape-grace shipmate went on shore a dandy, neatly dressed in mufti, in the newest, and probably the first long-tailed coat that had ever belonged to him, and returned as badly equipped as one of that numerous class of beggars who infest the quays of Dublin or Cork. He appeared in what has since become fashionable, an old wide awake, which some one had exchanged for his "beaver," the tail of his coat was entirely gone, while one sleeve had been torn from the wrist, right up to the shoulder, his nether garments, too, showed that he had been in the wars, the only article of dress that remained untouched, were his boots, which fitted too tight to be taken off.

"Come out of the boat, Mr. Purchas," said the first lieutenant, "the captain wishes to speak to you." The culprit approached, drenched and pallid.

"Well, Sir, you are an honour to His Majesty's service, and under the pretext of visiting your aunt at Ryde, have been passing

your time most disreputably at Portsdown fair. You went ashore, too, I find in plain clothes, contrary to all regulations, but that I do not regret, as the service has saved some discredit."

Purchas was silent, Captain Sutherland continued.

"This is too serious a matter to say more at present, but before I send you down below, I wish to tell you that a report reached me of your goings on. I object to no rational amusements, when young gentlemen are on leave, nor to what I believe you term "larks;" but to associate with the scum of the earth, to drink to intoxication, is unworthy your station; the breach of faith you practised on me in asking to visit a relation, I think even more of than the rest of your conduct; for the present you will go below, and not make your appearance until you are sent for."

Purchas, crest-fallen, retired; the result was, after a few days, he received a severe lecture, before all the midshipmen in the captain's cabin, with a threat that if such conduct was repeated he would be instantaneously discharged.

## CHAPTER II.

“A very honest-hearted fellow.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“We’re off to the races,  
With smiles on our faces,  
Lobster salad, and champagne and chat—  
Prime Newcastle salmon,  
And Westphalia “gammon ;”  
And there’s no mistake about that.

All the world and his mother,  
Are jostling each other ;  
City Madams are ‘cutting it fat’  
In silks with their spouses  
In white hats and ‘blouses’  
And there’s no mistake about that.

Drags, go-carts—post-chaises  
Come rushing like blazes.”

\* \* \*

CRAVEN.

THE pang that I felt in leaving my parents, and quitting home, was greatly increased at the idea of parting with my foster brother, a youth of my own age, for whom I entertained a boyish friendship; he was the son of my old nurse Hillary, and had passed some months at the Abbey. My prowess at Portsdown fair had raised me considerably in his estimation, as his heart and soul was on the turf. So distinguished a character as Sam Hillary, however, deserves a special notice, and before I commence my military career, or return to the doings of Major Skittowe, I must claim the indulgence of the reader, to place before him the life of a jockey, whose example I most strenuously recommend to others of the fraternity, albeit, as a body, they deservedly stand high in the estimation of the public.

Samuel Milsom Hillary was the son of what we usually called “honest and industrious

parents," and in this instance the saying was founded on fact; among the wise saws that had been instilled into his youthful mind, were the two well known axioms "many a little makes a mickle," and "a penny saved is a penny got." Samuel's father had, for many years, been ostler at one of the most thriving inns upon the London and Portsmouth road, in the good old days of posting. The elder Hillary who was only known under the name of "Sam Ostler," was as great a character, and as truly popular as any in all England. He had a tact peculiar to himself, of saying a civil and appropriate word to every individual who changed horses at the Roebuck. In the time we write of, the "rail" had not been introduced, and few in these days would believe in the past glory of the road, or the life and bustle that was hourly to be seen upon it. Who, that now passes through Kingston, Guilford, Petersfield, or Horndean, could imagine there was a time when the traveller was often detained for hours for want of horses? Who, that strolls down the High Street of any of the above towns, and

sees the deserted look of the inns, the dulness that prevails throughout, could picture to himself, that a quarter of a century ago, all was stir and activity. To resume, Sam Ostler lived in the days of peace and plenty, before taxation and absenteeism had left few to travel in England, and those few (thanks to modern improvements, which have converted our country into a huge blacksmith's shop) to patronize iron instead of horseflesh. We have said the man of oats was a character, and must prove our assertion. No sooner did a carriage drive up to the door of the Roebuck, than Sam's penetration quickly discovered the sort of company it contained. If a weather-beaten veteran put his head out of an old-fashioned crazy-looking vehicle, and ordered "horses on," Sam knew him to be an old Admiral, and at once fired a volley at him, alluding to past conquests by sea, which usually ended in a gratuity for "auld lang syne." If a smart well dressed young man, in a military frock, drove up in a handsome britchka, this Eidolon of ostlers at once Captained or Colonized him, generally hinting, that

a lady had made very particular enquiries as to whether an officer answering the Colonel's description, had lately been down the road. This communication generally received a Burleigh-like shake of the head, and a remark, "Sam you're a deep one," with a more welcome accompaniment of half-a-crown, to keep it quiet, and drink the health of the fair incognita. If a yellow "post chay" with two rollicking striplings on the bar, instead of inside, pulled up at the far-famed hosterie, Sam, guessing them to be "mids," adapted his conversation to his company, inquiring whether the young gentlemen would please to alight, and pipe to dinner, adding that he believed there was a beautiful boiled leg of pork and peas-pudding ready in the bar. As a matter of course, the jolly reefers brought themselves to an anchor for half an hour, and upon getting under way, threw the attentive ostler a handful of silver, as they jumped on the bar, clinging to it, as if it had been the cross trees of their good ship, "Vindictive," in a gale of wind; and shouting to the post-boy "make all sail you land lubber,

or we'll have you up to the grating, and give you a cool dozen before you're an hour older." If one of Newman's chaises, hired (to save time) to go the whole distance, arrived at the Roebuck, containing two bloated personages, enveloped in drab coats, with belcher handkerchiefs round their necks, and their nether limbs encased in mahogany colour top boots, Sam, as the Frenchman said, "smelt von big rat," and accosted the official dignitaries of the Sheriff of London as follows.

"Great run on the road gentlemen, fear you will be delayed, our horses are all out, or bespoke—expect a pair in immediately."

"We must have horses," the blood-hounds of the law would respond, "there ostler, there's five shillings, don't keep us longer than you can help."

Need we add that the worthies were sent on almost immediately. Hebrews and money lenders were all treated in the same manner, and to parody a well known distich,

"Many's the Jew  
Sam Ostler drew."

Such was the practice of the far-famed Hillary, who after living in clover for sundry years, realized a handsome independence, and soon was anxious to become his own master ; when, paradoxical as it may appear, he set about liberty, by taking to himself a wife, in the person of Martha Milsom, the blooming barmaid of the Roebuck tap. No sooner had the honeymoon passed away, than Mr. and Mrs. Hillary took possession of a newly purchased and fitted up tobacconist shop, in High Street, Portsmouth. Even there Sam Ostler could not forget his former avocations ; for whenever a carriage drove up to the George inn, which was nearly opposite his house, he would run instantaneously to the door and begin shouting "first and second turn out," until his wife reminded him that he no longer presided over the horse department.

To his shop-boy, also, he was wont to remember his former avocations, for on ordering him to take out a canister of snuff, or a box of cigars to his customers, he would say :

" Make out the ticket—Gosport barracks.

Pay you, bring it back. Make the best of your way," or "all paid;" and upon one occasion, when Mrs. Hillary was as the heroine of the Scottish tragedy says, "in a state that ladies like to be who love their lords," and was speculating upon the probabilities of a son and heir to the family honours, or a daughter to their "house and heart," she was not a little surprised at an answer from her husband on the subject of his wishes, to hear him explain, "One four and a pair," the worthy ex-ostler's attention being at that moment entirely absorbed with the above mentioned arrivals at the George Inn. We have diverged from the main road—let us retrace our steps. In due course of time, our hero, my future foster-brother was born, and was shortly afterwards named Samuel Milsom, the former after his father, and the latter after his maternal uncle, who stood sponsor, and presented his godson, with a golden guinea, which he promised to renew every anniversary, until the young hopeful should attain his twentieth birth-day. The character of Dick Milsom, or dirty Dick as he was usually called, both from his appearance,

habits and conduct, will be fully developed in the course of our narrative; in the mean time, it will be enough to mention, that the aforesaid Richard Milsom was a trainer by profession, an occasional jockey, and a great rider of trotting matches, and hurdle races. That Dick's conduct toward his nephew may not be looked upon in too favourable a light, we ought to mention that for some time his object had been to train up a feather weight; and hearing that Master Hillary, who was a most diminutive baby, was from some infantine cause, ordered to be brought up by hand, with the aid of a quadrupedical nurse, famed for patient endurance, he fondly hoped that in time Sam would answer his purpose. It was in consequence of this illness, that I took his birth-right. Mrs. Hillary having been engaged as a wet-nurse at the period my mother was suffering from the fright she received previous to my coming into the world.

Whether Dick had heard that the growth of puppies was stinted by spirituous liquors, I know not, but certainly he took advantage of every

opportunity, to instil into his godson, the most anti-Mathewian doctrines. When a baby, the kind-hearted uncle would allow his nephew to sip the remains of a glass of gin and water; and before the boy was eight years of age, he had made him, upon more than one occasion, the worse for liquor. We have said Richard Milsom was a trainer; there are black sheep in every flock, even of the purest breed, and he was one of the darkest hue among that most truly respectable body of men, which can boast a Boyce, a Cooper, a Dawson, a Day, a Dilly, a Dockeray, an Edwards, a Kent, a Pettit, a Rogers, a Scott, a Stephenson, a Turner, among its numbers; all of whom were not a little scandalized at having so disreputable a character belonging to their order.

To take up the thread of our narrative: it was on the tenth return of our hero's natal day, that a family party were assembled in the back parlour of the tobacconist's shop, or "cigar divan," as it now would be called, consisting of the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Hillary, Mr. Richard Milsom, Master Hillary, and five Misses

Hillary ; for every twelvemonth had the thrifty wife presented a new year's offering to her loving lord and master, six of whom alone remained.

"Sam," exclaimed Mr. Milsom, addressing his brother-in-law, who was in a blissful state of ignorance, respecting his mal-practices. "I can put you up to a good thing." The *ci-devant* ostler was all attention.

"The Stokes Bay (since called Angleseaville) races take place to-morrow week, and I've an 'orse in my stables, as can't be beat for the stakes : he belongs to Captain Freeman of the army, I don't quite know his name, so I calls him 'The Soldier,' I shall stand the odds to a fiv' pun note, and you shall go my harves."

"Well, that's handsome and brotherly of you, Richard—very," responded the other.

"Very," echoed Mrs. Hillary.

"But, I say, Richard, it's all right, ey ?"

"Right ? right as the Bank of England. I got the 'office' from Jem Finish, who trains 'Dick Turpin,' and 'Epsom Lass.' The highwayman's short of work, and the mare's all no how."

“ Well, Richard, it’s agreed, I’ll stand the money. Here it is—nothing like posting the coal;” and acting up to his professions, the elder Hillary placed two sovereigns and a half in the hands of his brother-in-law.

“ If I can get on more at three to one, I will,” resumed Richard, pocketing the money. “ If Lord Stakeland comes down, he’ll be sure to back his horse ‘ Turpin.’ ”

“ You can get on for yourself, if you like,” replied Hillary, “ but in these hard times, with an increasing family (here his better half blushed and pouted) one four and a pair—prospects of more, I can only afford to risk fifty shillings.”

“ Oh ! fie, Sam,” said Mrs. H., “ how can you go on so ? ”

“ There’s another subject, Sam and Marthy, as I wants to talk to you about, now the children are going to bed. Here, you young rascal,” continued Mr. Milsom, addressing his godson, who was then making his best bow, as he was closing the door, and about to follow the fat nurse and her young covey, “ you must

drink a glass of wine before you go. Here's success to the turf."

The youthful Sam drank the toast, and to adopt his sponsor's phrase, immediately "cut his stick."

" Well, brother-in-law and sister, I was a-thinking, as times is, as you say, 'ard, that I could be of some slight service. Ye know poor Bill Rippon died last month of the scarlet fever, and I've an opening for a lad; what say ye to my taking my nevy, Sam, in his place? the boy's a taste for horses."

" He would not be his father's son if he had not," interrupted that fond parent.

" And you may depend on it," proceeded Mr. Milsom, " that I'll take most particular care of the boy's health and morals."

There was a pause of some moments, during which Mr. and Mrs. Hillary looked unutterable things at one another; the former, at length, broke the silence by saying :

" You must decide Martha, my dear, its very handsome of Richard, very!"

" Very," repeated the mother.

“Take time to consider,” said the wary trainer, seeing that (to use a piscatorial phrase, they both nibbled at his offer). “Think it over, let me drive the lad to the races next week. I’ll send the chay back to the ferry for you both, and out of my winnings on the stakes, for that’s as good as if it was over, I’ll stand a dinner at Ned Parson’s booth. What say ye?”

Both man and wife were loud in their praises of Richard’s liberality, and before they parted for the night, it was fully agreed that my foster brother, the son and heir of the house of Hillary should be taken into the service of his respected uncle. The day of the races arrived, and a goodly crowd from the neighbouring towns, of Portsmouth, Southsea, Portsea, and Gosport, had assembled. One word anent the course ! Reader have you seen Barnet, Hatcham Park, Enfield Wash, Kilburn, Lea Bridge ? if so, either would be an Ascot compared to the one I write of, and which had as much claim to be called a race-course as the lady that screams, “My pretty *Jarne*,” at a penny Casino in St. Mary Axe,

has to be called a concert singer. If, courteous reader, you have not been at one of the above mentioned minor places of sport, picture to yourself a few acres of swamp, intersected with ditches, and roads filled up for the occasion with loose stones and gravel, and a circular course of about a quarter of a mile round. Such was the spot where our hero was first introduced to the turf.

Sam had hitherto seen little of real life, and to use his relative's expression, was quite "flabbergasted" as he drove up to a temporary wooden building, ornamented with flags and called the grand stand; never was there greater joy experienced by any youth than when he found himself in this gay and noisy scene. Were I to hazard an opinion upon the subject, I should say that the first visit to the race-course is quite as delightful to the stripling as his first visit to the theatre; and, they are both, like scenes of enchantment, long treasured up in the mind. Certainly, young Hillary never felt himself more happy, than upon the occasion to which

I now refer, for thanks to the liberality of his parents, he combined the sports of the turf with the delights of the drama ; Mrs. Hillary having, in the course of the day, treated her son and herself to Mumwell's theatre, Gagley's Fantocini, Saunder's equestrian circle, and Mograbin, the tiger tamer's, wonderful den of wild beasts, in which Zambezia, the maid of the jungle, supped with the "indomitable, untameable animals." Here was a theatrical performance worthy the London boards ! The race of the day, the Stokes Bay stakes of 2 sovs. each, h. ft. with 3 sovs. added by the stewards and proprietors of the course ; heats, three times round and a distance (six subscribers, three of whom paid forfeit) was to come off at one o'clock. Up to this period, the brothers-in-law were speculating upon their winnings ; the five pound bet had increased, Lord Stakeland having laid five-and-thirty pounds to ten against the "Soldier." The bell rang for saddling, some half dozen "specials" attempted to keep the course, the clerk of the same, in a faded scarlet coat,

appearing in all the dignity of his office, mounted upon a rawboned spavined hack, which he in vain tried to coax into a canter.

“Clear the course, gentlemen, the horses are out—back, back, there,” shouted the mounted man.

“You mayn’t go there,” exclaims a constable.

“Vy not?” demanded a genuine cockney pea and thimble proprietor, “make your game gen’lemen, lots of time afore the ’osses start. It’s I to ’ide and you to find, now I’ll bet any sportsman five or ten, as he don’t say where the little h’object h’is—yon, two, three, the game of the little pea. Portsmouth, Portsea, Gosport, Portsmouth’s where His Majesty’s dockyard h’is—now, the only difference between the dockyard and my thimble h’is, that h’one h’is permanent and t’other’s locomotive. This is the game wot h’is called the “multum in parvo,” which means h’as you may vin a werry large sum with a werry small capital. Down with your mopusses, gen’lemen, them h’as plays can’t vin, and them h’as don’t play can’t h’expect to vin. Silence, young man, I ’eard

you vink ! Make your game, gents, when I loses I pays, when I vins I pockets. Vot h'argufies h'if I spends my fortin, h'aint I a right to do vot I likes with my h'own, as they say in the 'ouse of Parlimint Peers ? h'all h'it requires h'is h'a good h'eye, h'and h'a quick h'observation, for to say where the little h'object is."

" You must clear the course—you must muv' on," cries the starter.

" Make 'em stand back," vociferates the clerk, amidst the shouts of " Go it, old scarlet coat !" " Does your anxious parent know you're out ?" " Why don't you go home and tell your mother to chain up ugly ?"

" Here's a card and a sheet list, noble sportsmen ; names, weights, plates, and colours of the riders ;" and as our readers may like to have a copy, we lose no time in presenting them with one.

#### STOKES BAY RACES.

One o'clock. The Stokes Bay Stakes.

Heats—Lord Stakeland's b. g. Dick Turpin

by Cracksman, 6 yrs., 9st. 3lb. Captain Free-man's ch. h. The Soldier, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb. Mr. Collin's gr. c. Cream of Tartar, by Saracen out of Dairy-Maid, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb. Mr. Smith's b. c. Flare-up, by Lamp-lighter. Mr. Roger's b. f. Black-eyed Susan, and Mr. Williamson's b. g. Weasel, paid forfeit.

At half past three o'clock, a Plate for the beaten horses. At four o'clock a match for 50 sovs. h. ft. (five in reality) twice round. Lord Stakeland's b. m. Epsom Lass, 5 yrs., 9st. 1lb., against Mr. Milsom's ch. c. Juniper, 2 yrs., a feather.

All dogs found on the course will be shot. Stewards ordinary at the Flying Horse booth, after the first race. Tickets 1s. 6d. each.

MR. W. FAIRMANERS,  
MR. BURTON, } *Stewards.*

JOHN TRAILL,  
*Clerk of the Course.*

The high-mettled racers were now paraded in front of the stand, where Traill had planted

himself, waving a Blue Peter flag, which he had borrowed from a neighbouring slop-shop. "Dick Turpin" instead of appearing short of work, looked as if he had just returned from his celebrated namesake's journey to York, so admirably depicted by Harrison Ainsworth. He was ridden by the trainer, in a splendid new jacket of rose-coloured satin, and black velvet cap, which formed a strong contrast to the other two turns-out. Our friend Dick Milsom, sported a pair of dark coloured, greasy unmentionables, with boots, the tops of which looked as if they had been cleaned with walnut juice; the jacket had once been white, edged with light blue, but was now so stained with dirt of different soils, that scarcely a vestige of the original could be traced, while the amber cap from the same cause harmonized (as the painters say) admirably well. The lad that rode the three year old, had evidently borrowed his dress from the gambling booths; he was decked out in a pair of "white" cords, boots with patent leather tops, and a cap and jacket of red and white calico, striped

across the body. Three to one was freely laid on Lord Stakeland's horse ; the bell now rang, when the flag that had floated majestically with the summer breeze fell, and away went the terrible high-bred cattle at a slashing pace, the Highwayman leading, Cream of Tartar lying well up, and the Soldier in the rear pulling double. Thus they remained until within half a distance of home, when Milsom eased his hands, and his horse sprang forward, winning gallantly by six or seven lengths, the grey colt second, and the favourite nowhere. The layers of the odds looked downcast ; Milsom gave Mr. and Mrs. Hillary a knowing wink as he repassed the winning post to go to the weighing booth. Young Sam was in raptures at his uncle's success, and inwardly pined for the hour when he should be able to sport the silk jacket. The odds were now completely changed, Lord Stakeland had drawn "Dick Turpin" to run him for the beaten horse's plate, and three to one was freely laid on Milsom's colt, whom we ought to inform the reader was a celebrated 'plater,' well known to

the sporting world, but whose name *Dirty Dick* in the absence of his employer had changed into the “*Soldier*.” No sooner had Milsom weighed, than he anxiously sought his brother-in-law, whom he found with his wife, enjoying the delight of seeing a “*fresh-water sailor*” with one leg, jumping over sundry tables and chairs, in a manner that quite astonished the natives. Young Sam had slipped away from his revered parents to witness a lady in a pink spangled muslin frock, white trowsers, most elaborately frilled and vandyked, a tartan bonnet, dance a minuet on stilts, with a thin, knock-kneed youth, decked out in a light blue cotton tunic, tastefully trimmed with silver bows and pink rosettes, a pair of flesh-coloured “*tights*,” red leather sandals, and a black velvet Spanish hat, ornamented with pink, black, and yellow feathers.

“I congratulate you, *Dick*,” exclaimed Hillary, as his brother-in-law approached him, in a somewhat slovenly costume, his mouth smeared with tobacco juice, a white hat over his faded velvet cap, and a great rough coat,

looking as if it were made of an old blanket, dyed with spots of unspeakable hue.

“ I want a word with you, Sam,” said Milsom, in a low mysterious voice. “ Here step into the Eclipse booth, Marthy will take care of the lad.”

The ex-ostler begged Mrs. Hillary would take especial care of her charge, and her pockets, and, dropping her arm, proceeded to take that of Milsom. The latter, however, whispered, “ Follow me, but ’till we get to the booth, mum’s the word !” Hillary, the elder, all anxiety, followed his leader ; upon reaching the appointed place, Milsom seemed to possess an open sesame charm, for no sooner had he made his appearance at the bar, than the landlady neglecting her other customers exclaimed, “ Here Molly, show that gentleman into the parlour.” The above mentioned culinary artist, in her anxiety to attend her mistress’s bidding, left the sausages she was preparing for No. 4, to fry themselves, and in her haste, upset a cauldron of boiling water, from which she was

in the habit of diluting the glasses of gin, rum, brandy, and peppermint.

The parlour into which the two new comers had been shown, was a small enclosed space, beautifully fitted up with pink and white calico, festooned with laurel leaves.

“Two glasses of cold vith,” said Richard, in a patronizing tone, “and a couple of slices of ‘pologne.”

Molly retired, and in a few seconds made her re-appearance with a tray, upon which were the aforesaid luxuries. No sooner was the coast clear, than Richard, after ascertaining that no one was within ear-shot, in an under tone, began as follows :

“Sam’l I vishes to h’act quoite on the square vith you, not that I’d do h’anything onhandsome to any v’one vatsumdever.”

“I’m certain you would not,” responded Hillary.

“Vell, I’ll tell you vot it is,” continued the jockey, “I don’t think I can quite pull through the race.” His brother-in-law was all amaze-

ment, for from what he had seen, he thought nothing could prevent the horse winning. "That 'ere young colt 'Cream of Tartar,' is an oudacious h'animal—ondeniable bottom—can last for ever, while the 'Sodjer' an't a gallop left in him." Strange, thought Hillary, who began to doubt his own optics, for according to his view of the race, no horse had ever won more easily than the one Milsom rode.

"You know, Sam'l, times is ard," proceeded the other, "we've a ten pun note between us on the race, and I don't quite like it—if the young un makes strong running, he'll beat us into fits."

"Really!" replied Samuel.

"Really, and no mistake," echoed the tempter; he continued. "Now it o'curs to me, as ve ought to 'edge—I can't go into the stand, or they'd be down upon it; but as you knows some of the 'nobs,' what say you to getting our money off—take four to v'one, as if for a commission, they von't twig you."

"Well, Richard, you know best, and I suppose its all right and above board."

“In course it is, h’ant every man a right to edge his own money?”

“I’ll do it!”

“Vel, Sam’l, do it varily, try it on with the hofficers, and if you can make it to a score, vy, all the better for us—I’ll stand fifteen of it, and you five. As an honest man, I’ll do my best to vin, but I know its onpossible, and h’if the Captin vere here, I’d recommend him to draw his ’orse.”

No sooner had this colloquy ended,—in which our readers will probably have the discernment to perceive that Richard made a virtue of necessity, and entrusted his brother-in-law with the affair, from knowing no other person he could employ to get on his money—than the friends parted; one to put a few “flats” up to a good thing, by saying that the “Soldier,” could not be beat, and the other to get his bet hedged, and honestly too, as he thought, laying the flattering unction to his soul, that it was the practice of the turf, as laid down by that truly respectable supporter of it, Mr. Richard Milsom.

We shall leave the jockey to his own peregrinations, and follow Hillary to a fashionable four in hand drag, upon the roof of which was laid out a splendid luncheon of cold meat, pigeon pies, tongues, hams, salads, fruit, iced punch and champagne. A dozen young men, some on the box, some on the hind seat, some on the wheels, and steps, were partaking of the ample fare.

“Ah, Sam Ostler,” exclaimed one of the party, “how does the world treat you?”

“Bravely, bravely,” replied Hillary.

“A glass of champagne, Sam?” asked another, filling a huge silver goblet with the sparkling liquor, which he presented to his old acquaintance of the road. “Well Sam, what’s to win? You ought to be a first rate judge of horseflesh—many’s the good nag you have turned out in your day.”

“Why, really, gentlemen, I cannot say, some seem to think ‘Cream of Tartar’ has a chance; indeed, I have got a commission to lay out a few pounds upon him, and from what I’ve heard,

I shall hedge a few pounds I laid out on the 'Soldier.'

"At what price?" shouted half a dozen voices together.

"It's right to tell you gentlemen—my information is very good"—

"Oh!" interrupted one of the party, "I'll throw that in, and bet you forty pounds to ten—shall I book it?"

"I wish gentlemen, to take the odds to twenty, and should prefer it in one bet."

"We'll bet it amongst us, Sam, eighty to twenty—it's a bet," upon which the spokesman, took out his betting-book, and entered it, adding, "Come Sam, old fellow, take another glass of wine; we'll drink to your commissioner's health—his money is as good as lost,—take my advice, don't stand with him, he'll get you into the ditch—'Cream of Tartar' could not beat a jackass for a thistle stake."

The bell now rang, the course was cleared, the two horses were led to the post; after taking a slight canter, they turned round, and upon

the flag being dropped, the winner of the first heat went away at a rattling pace. Hillary, having joined his wife and son, took up his station on the steps of the steward's stand, and was not a little surprised at seeing Milsom make such severe play, nor were his ears gratified at hearing the following remarks from every quarter.

“Dick Milsom in a canter—the young one's beat.”

“It's all up with my five pounds,” muttered Hillary, as the horses passed the stand, the first time round, the ‘Soldier’ still leading. Whilst mourning over his apparent inevitable loss, a squeaking voice was heard.

“Oh, pa! uncle has broke his stirrup-leather—he'll be off—oh—oh—dear!”

The elder Hillary, who had turned his head away from the race in despair, now looked round, and saw what his son had said was true. Dick was rolling about in his saddle like a porpoise in a storm.

“Why the old one's bolted,” shouted a dozen voices, and such was really the case; Richard

Milsom, finding it impossible to hold in his horse, or, to adopt his own phraseology, "to come Captain Armstrong" any longer, had goaded the animal with the right spur, and loosening his right rein, had pulled out of the course with the left. To give a colour to the proceeding, Dick had put on an old stirrup-leather which he knew would give way at any moment.

"Look to the distance," cried the steward.

"All right," responded the clerk of the course galloping down to it, and seizing the flag from a clod, who, little intent on the sport, was whistling for want of thought.

"Dick will save his distance," cried one. The thermometer of Sam Hillary's hopes went suddenly down to zero.

"No, he don't," rejoined another, who turned out to be a true prophet, for the wary jockey took good care not to get into the course, until he saw his adversary so forward, that not even an "Eclipse," could have saved his distance.

Richard was loud in his abuse against the saddler, and was much commiserated with at

the untoward accident that had lost him the race ; he also pretended to be very irate with the lad that rode against him, who he declared had caused his horse to bolt, by attempting to cross him ; all, however, ended in smoke, as it was apparent to the steward, who was appealed to, and every one in the stand, that the ' Soldier ' was a couple of lengths in advance, when he ran out of the course.

We must now briefly wind up the sports of the day. The ' Soldier ' was entered for the beaten horse plate, now reduced to a match with ' Dick Turpin,' which the former won easily, giving 7 lbs. instead of receiving 10 lbs ; nor was the trainer less successful in his other races ; his two-year-old colt (generally supposed to be a three-year-old) won in a canter, the feather weight not being strong enough to hold him in, and make a race of it, as he had been ordered to do.

The sports of the day, as far as the turf was concerned, were now over ; a fight had been got up between two youths, who went by the euphonious names of the ' Gosport Glutton,'

and 'Ebony Bill;' but this the Hillary party deemed low, more especially as certain symptoms of hunger began to show themselves; and Dick Milsom, anxious to quit the scene of his disgraceful triumph, suggested, that instead of dining on the course, they should instantly repair to the Quebec Tavern, Portsmouth. This motion being seconded, was put to the vote and carried unanimously; in less than an hour, the quartett having got into the trainer's one horse chay (or cruelty van, as it was called by some trampers on the road) found themselves seated in a small snug parlour of that caravansary, enjoying a splendid sea breeze, and all the luxuries which the giver of the feast had so lavishly ordered out of his ill-gotten wealth.

After dinner, a settlement of accounts took place; Hillary, having received the amount of his winnings on the course, handed the eighty pounds over to his brother-in-law, who returned him twenty pounds as his share, declaring, he could not think of deducting the five pounds he had lost by the accident.

"How handsome!" said the innocent to-

bacconist, who, albeit, the confidence he had previously placed in his brother-in-law's judgment was a little shaken, had not the slightest suspicion of his dishonesty.

"Here, nevy," said Mr. Milsom, "here's a sovereign for you ; be a good boy, and always do everything on the square."

"How very liberal!" ejaculated both parents. And Milsom could well afford to be liberal, for his day's profits, including stakes, riding money and bets, amounted to nearly sixty-six guineas.

While our party are enjoying their dinner, it may not be inappropriate to make a slight digression upon the origin of racing in England, although we have no means of ascertaining the exact period at which it commenced in our "tight little island."

There are, however, authentic records still in existence, describing a meeting at Epsom, during the reign of Henry the Second ; Smithfield, too, was a place of sport, for according to an old writer, "It was customary for the young citizens of London to ride out in the fields

every Sunday during Lent for diversion. Some were armed with lances and shields, and exhibited a sort of tournament; others, generally boys, rode races. A signal being given, they set off at full speed, urging their horses with shouts and clamour, as well as with whip and spurs. When the court was near, the nobility witnessed these performances, which generally took place at Smithfield, then called Smoothfield, from its being a smooth, level piece of ground, and, therefore, set apart as a proper spot on which to show and exercise horses. It was then, as it is now, a market for horses." Under Henry the Eighth, the races are somewhat more clearly defined, for "Bluff Harry" patronized the Chester and Stamford meetings, which might have been called steeple-chases, for there were some stiff fences on the race-course. The prizes, like those of the Olympic games, were alone valuable for the honour due to the conquerors, who received a small wooden bell, ornamented with flowers.

We question much whether such rewards

would suit the victors of our day, who require something more substantial.

James the First, or Queen James, as the lampooners of that day styled him, put these sports upon a more regular footing. There were fixed periods for the meetings to take place, race-courses were laid out at Newmarket, Croydon, and Enfield Chase, and a silver bell was substituted for the former wooden one. In the distracted reign of Charles the First, little attention was paid to the breed of horses, or racing establishments. Cromwell, Round-head as he was, possessed a number of brood mares; as a turfite, however, the Protector must yield to his equerry, Place, whose "White Turk" is well known in the annals of the Weatherby of that day.

After Cromwell, came Charles the Second, and from this period, horse-racing may date the importance which it has ever since maintained in England. Upon coming to the throne, the merriest of all monarchs found heavy chargers struggling against Flemish hunters, which, in the present day, would have

been dubbed dray horses ; through his influence, a better class were introduced, and he re-established the meeting at Newmarket, which had been interrupted by the “ crop-eared knave.” He also commenced the system of giving prizes of value, and set the example by presenting a silver cup, of the value of one hundred guineas to be run for annually.

The era of thorough-bred animals on the turf, and *fast ones* off it, may be said to have begun under the reign of this jovial King.

The royal stables contained some superb Arabian horses, and he despatched Sir Christopher Wyvil, his Master of the Horse, in search of Eastern beauties to breed from. The worthy knight set out on his travels, but whether he proceeded to Arabia, Andalusia, Persia, Tartary, or India, history doth not record ; certain, however, it is, that he returned to England with a very beautiful stud, which were henceforth denominated the “ Royal mares.”

We pass over the reigns of the bigot, James the Second, Mary, and William the Third, (who,

be it said, increased the number of Royal plates, and frequently visited Newmarket) and come to Queen Anne's time, merely to record an event which took place at York in 1714, three days before her Majesty's death, which led to a remark that the Queen had won a race after her demise. In those days, we need scarcely remind our readers, that the travelling was somewhat slow, and the result of the running was not known until some time after the daughter of the second James had been gathered to her ancestors. According to the calendar, the race was as follows :—

Friday, the 30th of July, 1714. A plate of £40, for aged horses, 11st. each. Four miles —heats.

Her Majesty, Queen Anne's

b. h. Star	4	3	1	1
------------	---	---	---	---

The Lord Chamberlain's ch. h.

Merlin	1	2	3	2
--------	---	---	---	---

Of course, this official, Polonius like, could not allow his horse to come in before that of

his august mistress, however often he had preceded her himself on state occasions.

Hon. Mr. Cecil's ch. h. Creeper 2 1 2 3  
Mr. Bourchier's b. g. Harmless 3 4 4 dr

“Harmless” appears to have been “werry harmless,” as a late celebrated sporting character would have said.

Sir W. Blackett's ch. h.

Squirrel . . . . . 3 5 5 dr

Merlin was lame before starting. Had the late humane member for Galway, Martin, been alive, or the Society for the suppression of cruelty to animals existed in those days, the Lord Chamberlain would have probably been brought up before the magistrates, for running a crippled horse sixteen miles, and all for the small sum of forty pounds.

Previous to this, in 1712, Queen Anne's gr. g. Pepper, was beat for her Majesty's gold cup at York, and in the following year, the Queen's nutmeg gr. h. Mustard, (by their

names a spicy lot) was nowhere in the same cup.

During this reign, “Arabian Darby,” sister to “Turk,” bought by the Duke of Berwick, at the siege of Buda, and Curwen’s barb, presented by the Emperor of Morocco to Louis the Fourteenth, and eventually brought to this country, obtained a great celebrity. “Arabian Darby” may be considered as the sire of a breed of horses which have ever since remained unrivalled.

The two First Georges encouraged the breed of horses, and the efforts of the latter monarch were seconded by his good fortune in securing the “Godolphin Arabian,” which was taken out of a heavy cart, when dragging a load about the streets of Paris, and was brought over to England.

Eugene Sue, the talented French novelist, has already celebrated the “ups and downs” of this far-famed animal.

## CHAPTER III.

“ Go to Newmarket—  
There Satan, touting from his ditch,  
Beholds the fools grow poor, and wise grow rich ;  
While Captain Armstrong rides the better horse,  
And needy noblers chuckle o'er a cross ;  
Or, for a change, the knowing ones stand in  
With some dark flier, meant at last to win.”

VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE.

UPON the following morning, our hero took leave of his parents ; and with a light heart, a good conscience, and a receipt for ten guineas (duly invested in the county savings bank) in his pocket, commenced his servitude with his respectable uncle.

Milsom’s training stables were only a few miles from the far famed downs of Epsom, and

there young Sam was shortly "located." Naturally fond of horses, he submitted without a murmur to the exertions and deprivations of his new life. Up at day-break, a scanty breakfast, (for his master was determined to keep him as much after the manner of an *anatomie vivante* as possible), an hours' work in the stable, exercise on a three year old, grooming ditto, a couple of hours' walk in great coats, followed by the same process that is used to force cucumbers, viz—putting the young plants in hot beds, *forcing* him to remain there, until the pores opened—spare dinner, more exercise, more grooming, more walking, more transpirating, *no more* eating or drinking, save and except a cup of tea and slice of bread and butter at Mrs. Milsom's evening repast. The three year old colt, that young Sam, at the expiration of six months was called upon to look after, had been named the "Wizard," out of compliment to a celebrated French performer that had delighted Mr. Milsom during a visit to London, and was a fine slapping animal. This mighty conjuror was engaged in several good stakes,

which not a little surprised the trainers in general, and the public at large, as Mr. Millson's ambition had not hitherto made him aspire to more than a plate or two at some of the minor places of sport ; when, therefore, the "Wizard," was entered for an approaching Three-year-old Stakes, fifty sovereigns each, speculation was very rife upon the subject ; and when, upon a certain morning, "all on the downs the *fleet* were met," to take their gallops, a crowd of blacklegs had assembled to witness the prowess of this dark horse.

"Three year old !" exclaimed one, "five at least."

"Got by, 'Friar Bacon ?'" said another, referring to the sheet calender, "as much got by 'Friar Bacon' (the name of a tenth rate country horse) as Diomed was."

Every sort of rumour was now afloat, still there was nothing at all in the shape of proof that the colt was otherwise than that he was entered as. The race was to come off in a week, and a few evenings, previous to the event,

just as young Hillary was running to the neighbouring post with a letter, he was overtaken by a remarkably well-dressed fashionable looking man, driving a handsome horse, in a somewhat gaudily painted and lined tilbury.

“ Holloa, younker,” said the stranger, “ are you one of Milsom’s boys ?”

“ Yes Sir,” replied our hero.

“ Ah ! you look after the ‘ Wizard,’ well jump in, and I will give you a lift to Epsom. I’m going there.”

Sam was nothing loth, and, in a second was seated by the side of his new acquaintance. After a little preparatory conversation, in which the stranger “ sucked the brains,” (we use an appropriate, although inelegant term) of the lad, the question of the forthcoming race was started. It would have been an edifying sight to the betting fraternity, to have heard the ingenious responses of his hoped for victim ; after a great many hints and inuendoes, none of which seemed to produce the slightest effect, the wily blackleg, boldly adopted the same principle to youths that

Shakspeare recommends to be tried with the fair sex, "Win her with gifts if she respects not words," offered Hillary one hundred sovereigns down, if he would merely let the colt have the contents of a small phial, which he would give him on the morning of the race, and which would not be attended with serious consequences. For some time Sam could scarcely bring himself to believe his own senses, and for a few seconds remained quite dumbfounded ; this being interpreted, by the betting Mephistophiles, into a sign of assent, he continued.

"Be sure he takes it all—it will only produce a temporary effect, and—" here the conversation was put an end to, by our hero, springing from the tilbury, muttering to himself sundry anathema's, which to the blackleg sounded very much like "villain, rascal, sharper!" Before he could, however, recover the surprise the sudden escape of the youth had caused, the latter had bounded across the fence, with a light heart, a still lighter conscience, and made the best of his way to the post-office, and then

home, to inform his uncle of the nefarious propositions that had just been made to him by a man whose outward garb, at least, bespoke him to be a gentleman.

No sooner had Hillary reached his uncle's house, than he communicated his adventure with the stranger; and, even at his early age, so strong were the principles of honesty engrafted on his mind, that he felt inwardly indignant at the manner Milsom received his statement.

"Ah! them sort of things will happen in the best regulated establishments—a sleeping draught! I almost wish you had partly consented, and brought me the phial." Here young Sam's countenance expressed such anger, that his wily relation "drew in his horns,"—a not inappropriate phrase towards one so diabolically inclined—and turning the matter off into a jest, continued, "of course, we should not have taken the bribe, or used the phial, but it would have been a reglar 'sell' to have pretended to have been 'bit.' Well, you're a good lad! always tell me when any one asks any information

whatever from you, and here accept this half sovereign for your upright conduct."

At first; Sam Hillary was extremely loath to receive the proffered money, but with all the guiltlessness of youth, he soon felt that he had done his uncle an injustice, who, he now firmly believed, had only jested upon the subject. Acting upon this impression, he thanked Milsom for his generosity, and accepted the coin, which the trainer still held in his hand.

"One word, Sam," proceeded the latter, "should you know the gentleman again? my object in asking, is in case he should ever come to the stable to tamper with the other lads."

"Oh! I should know him in a thousand," replied the lad, "never shall I forget his look, when he caught sight of me crossing the fence."

"Keep it dark, my boy, we may yet discover the villain."

The race was to come off on the following day; and the young jockey—who always slept in the stable with the "Wizard"—had retired to

rest, and had fallen into a deep slumber, when a noise over his head suddenly awoke him. For a few seconds he held in his breath, and listened to the sounds, which he found to proceed from a building that adjoined the stable—the lower part of which was used as a coach-house, and the upper as a hay-loft. The only communication to the stable from this building was through a small aperture, closed by a door, and through which the hay was dropped into the manger. Sam hastily got up, and climbing a few rails that led to the hay-loft, listened, and distinctly heard the voices of two individuals, one of whom was conversing in a low tone of voice with the other, and whose voice (the latter's) he fancied strongly resembled that of the individual who had attempted to tamper with his honesty in the morning.

“I can’t find the ladder anywhere in the loft. If I recollect right, Captain, there was a small one this morning near the pigeon-house. You must get it, for without some assistance I can never descend into the stable.”

“Pshaw!” hastily interrupted the man from without, who was no other than the owner of the tilbury. “Surely you can drop into the stable—the straw will break your fall.”

“Yes, Captain, I can drop in, but how am I ever to get out again? Every one for himself, and the—”

Here the speaker who was about to make some reference to the demon of darkness, was interrupted by the Captain saying,

“Silence, while I seek the ladder, utter not a word; that whelping cur that attacked us last night may not yet have swallowed the supper we gave him—silence!”

Our young hero descended from his height, and, for a moment, seemed lost in thought; then, as if an idea had flashed suddenly across him, groped his way quietly into the stall of the mighty “Wizard,” and led him into one at the further extremity of the stable. To put an old horse that led the gallops into the vacated stall was the work of a few seconds; and before a noise in the hay-loft informed Sam that the Captain had returned, the young jockey was

apparently asleep, and snoring loudly in his own small crib over the corn chest.

As Sam Hillary had anticipated, the man in the hay-loft placed the ladder through the aperture, and was descending, when the voice of the Captain was again heard.

“Be sure you don’t make a mistake—the stall the furthermost from the door.”

“All right, Captain,” responded the other, “and, as you value your life, keep the lanthorn in the dark. Dick’s bed-room looks upon the stable window.”

The man now reached the floor, and warily entering the stall, which, as he thought, the mighty magician still occupied, took off the horse’s muzzle, and drew from his breast pocket a handkerchief filled with corn, which, after mixing with the contents of a phial, he gave to the affrighted steed. Then, hastily withdrawing, he reached the loft, without awaking, as he imagined, the young guardian of the night.

The bolt was then drawn in the hay-loft, and the Captain having heard from his partner in

guilt that "all was right," lost no time in effecting his escape from the scene of his iniquity, fully satisfied that the "favourite" had taken a dose which would act as a soporific for the next eighteen hours.

Young Sam was now left to his own thoughts ; the stable was padlocked from without, and the communication with the loft fastened up ; to remain quietly, therefore, until morning broke, and his uncle came to stables, was all that was left for him to do.

Turning into his small sleeping-place, he in a few minutes was buried in death's counterfeit, and his dreams of housebreakers, captains, poison, and hoccusing, were suddenly put an end to by a noise at the stable door, and the entrance of his uncle.

Sam lost no time in telling him every particular of the night's adventure ; and was not only thanked by the trainer for his clever conduct, but received the promise of a boon he had long sought for—a mount during the ensuing races. Milsom enjoined his nephew to keep the most profound secrecy as to the Captain's

attempt, it being the only way of bringing, (as he said) the guilty parties to punishment.

Return we to the culprits, Captain Moss, and his worthy coadjutor, O'Hara, who were so confident that the deed had been effectually done, that they lost no time in getting their money on, against the supposed drugged horse. Under this conviction, both parties were equally industrious during the night, and upon comparing their books in the morning, found that they stood heavily on the field.

Moss had taken up his quarters for the night in the coffee-room of the Spread Eagle, and had succeeded in letting in (as he imagined) every new-comer for ten or twenty pounds, while the Emeralder had drawn his "rint" from a pandemonium that was kept open during the night, at Woodcot Green.

It was early, very early, on the morning of the race, that the partners in crime met by appointment in a bye-road near the skirts of the town, and after O'Hara had recapitulated his doings of the previous night, and satisfied his friend that there was no mistake, they

parted, agreeing not to be seen together until the ring had broken up, and then to meet near the Stewards' stand ; to catch any bets that might be flying about, the moment previous to, and during the race.

The sun now darted forth its most brilliant rays, and never did that splendid orb shine upon two more cold-blooded and heartless rogues, than those who, wishing one another "good morning," retired to their respective homes, to dream of wealth, of gold, little thinking what retribution was in store for them, who, for vile lucre would have sacrificed their very souls.

The 'Wizard' had been put back into his own stall, where he was shortly afterwards visited by one of the Captain's emissaries, who, wishing to be thoroughly satisfied on the point, had despatched this friend to see that all was right. Dick, taking his cue from the previous night's work, gently hinted to Moss's friend, that the horse seemed rather queer, but that he had not the slightest doubt he would pull through the race.

The hour of starting was rapidly approaching, and the Captain was to be seen very busy in the betting-ring, backing the field against the favourite ; Milsom was equally active laying even money on the " Wizard." When the Captain could no longer get on his money at even, he laid the odds, and when the first bell rang, the favourite had gone back to six to four.

While the horses are saddling, we cannot do better than put our readers in possession of the *soi-disant* Captain's real name, birth, parentage, and education. His proper patronymic was Moses, Bendigo Moses ; his genealogy (were we to adopt a turf phrase,) would have been—Vagabond, by prize-fighter out of Worthless ; to be more explicit, Bendigo Moses was the only son of an itinerant orange merchant, who in the palmy days of pugilism, had rendered himself immortal in the ring, by his defeat of Sooty Bill, the flue faker, but, who afterwards fought a cross, and was expelled from the pugilistic club.

Barney Moses, (such was the Captain's father) was then employed as a door-keeper and

bully, at a coffee pandemonium, in Lisle Street, Leicester Square, where he became acquainted with a female in the cigar line, who, shortly after their marriage, became the mother of our sporting Captain.

Young Moses began life by carrying a pea and thimble table, for his father, at the different race-courses ; from that he became a trader on his own account, and started in the home-made cigar and imitation Bandana silk handkerchief business. During one of his visits to ~~Ascot~~ races, he overheard a conversation, between the then Leviathan of the betting-ring, and a sporting patron, and turning his intelligence to account, pocketed a good handsome sum upon the cup. With this, our heroic Captain bid adieu to *duffing*, and, thinking his patriarchal name Moses vulgar, docked it of its fair proportions, merely reserving the first three letters, and pluralizing the last, and appeared as Mr. Moss. A journey to Spa, Baden Baden, and other continental places, introduced Mr. Moss to the fashionable world, where, with an easy assurance, an off-hand manner, a handsome

person, and a huge pair of mustachios, he received the brevet-rank of Captain. Expert at cards and dice, he soon realized a fortune, and returned to England with every requisite to make a betting man—a gentleman-like deportment, quick powers of calculation, and a few thousands in pocket.

For some time the Captain was fortunate, but upon a certain Derby, the fickle goddess deserted him, and he became a levanter. After a temporary absence abroad, he returned, and again tried to make his way into the ring, which he eventually succeeded in doing, by issuing bills and I.O.U.'s to a large amount.

Such was Captain Moss, who, now reduced to comparative beggary, was trying, by every means in his power, fair or foul, to recover his lost fortune; in this, he was ably abetted by a low Irish blackleg, Cornelius O'Hara, who had bolted from the Curragh, and who was the prime instigator in the case of attempted poison, having himself administered it, as already shown.

Return we to the race: the jockeys were

mounted, and the Captain, and his coadjutor had closed their books, when the former was addressed by a brother "leg."

"The 'Wizard' can't be beat," exclaimed the new comer, "I never saw a horse in such condition—he looks fit to run for a man's life."

The Captain looked surprised—for a moment his lip quivered, and he turned ghastly pale—could he have been deceived? The occurrence of the previous night rushed hastily across his brain, and he ejaculated,

"No, no, impossible!" then addressing a few words to his colleague, in which an attentive listener may have heard the words, "with such a dose? impossible—it must have effect!" he appeared to regain his former composure.

At this moment, one of the leading men of the betting ring galloped up, and, addressing a party of noble sportsmen, congregated in the stewards' stand, exclaimed,

"I want to lay a thousand on the 'Wizard.'"

Moss was all attention, but no one took the

bet—for a moment he seemed lost in thought—then, with the desperation of a drowning man, (or, perhaps hanging man would be more appropriate,) he rallied, and shouted “the field for a thousand !”

The betting man, who had offered the thousand in the first instance, seeing his customer, quickly responded,

“ You shall have it for two hundred.”

“ Done,” cried Moss “ make it five,” before an answer could be given, a shout of “ they’re off,” echoed along the course, and all business was now suspended. The Captain stood on the steps of the stewards’ stand, too nervous to make use of the glasses which he had taken from his side.

“ The ‘ Wizard’s’ making running,” exclaimed one, “ they’ll never catch him,” responded a second, “ there’s a dark coloured horse coming up,” said a third; here Moss roused himself for a moment, and when putting the glass to his eye, he saw the blue and orange jacket and cap—both new for the occasion—at least ten

lengths in advance, his heart sank within him.

“The ‘Wizard’ in a canter,” shouted a dozen voices; here a rush was made by the second horse, which, for an instant gave the fielders’ some hope.

“The Marquis will win.”

“He’s beat.”

“The ‘Wizard’ hard held.” And so it was, the rider of the mighty magician, following the well known turf orders—had taken the lead and kept it. Moss hurriedly took his betting-book from his side pocket, and, hiding behind the steps of the stand, cast his eye hastily over its pages—“one, three, sixty, four, two, fifty, a thousand, fifty, two, total two thousand three hundred and sixty—and two hundred not booked,” muttered the black-leg “I’ve not as many shillings.” His equanimity was now severely tried, for, as he was crossing the course, he met the winner being led in, and our young hero, Sam Hillary, clinging to the horse’s neck, and patting him, enraptured at his prowess. The captain looked

daggers, and if a look could have killed, the youthful jockey would have fallen dead upon the spot.

As a matter of course, all the backers of the field were loud in their exclamations against Milsom and his four-year-old, as they pronounced him to be; a protest had been entered by the owner of the second horse, and many, among them, Moss and O'Hara, had declared their determination not to pay, so glaring had been the robbery.

In the mean time, nothing could exceed the calm manner of Mr. Richard Milsom, whose conduct upon the occasion certainly bore the stamp of honesty, for he courted the most stringent enquiry. The case was submitted to the members of the Jockey Club, and so completely did the promoters of it fail in their proof, that the stakes and bets were ordered to be paid to the owner and backers of the "Wizard," who, on the following day, walked over for another three-year-old sweepstakes, and, was, moreover, in no less than four large handicaps, two of which he won, and all of

which he *might* have won ; to account for this, we must inform our readers, that early in the spring, Mr. Milsom had brought out the “Wizard” full of flesh and water, and even, under those disadvantageous circumstances, had some difficulty in getting him beat for a small plate, in which the winner was to be sold for forty sovereigns. Happily since the period we refer to, the Jockey Club have made an alteration in their former laws, respecting what might be termed *selling* plates with a vengeance, and have thereby at least put an end to the practice above referred to, but to cleanse thoroughly the Augean stable will, we fear, be above their powers.

The three-year-old colt the “Wizard” by “Friar Bacon,” as he was called, was, as our readers have probably divined, a four-year-old by one of the best horses of the day, out of a mare as thorough bred as any in all England ; indeed, the sire, dam, great grandsire and grandam had carried off the Oaks, and two Derbies in their day, independent of cups and plates without end.

At a sale of blood stock, Dick Milsom, having scraped together some hundreds himself—borrowed his wife's dower, four hundred pounds—and purchased, at a considerable price, the colt foal in question, then six months old. This colt was entered for the Derby, and before he reached his second year, was given out for dead. In the meantime, Milsom had purchased a colt foal, by an unknown country horse, out of a very moderate mare, a year younger than the "dead one," of the same colour and marks. This latter he speedily resuscitated, and entered in the three-year-old stakes we have described, naming him the 'Wizard' by 'Friar Bacon,' out of a mare by 'Screveton' out of 'Cream of the Valley.'

Upon the principle of exchange being no robbery, Milsom put the four-year-old defunct into training, getting rid of the three-year-old at Northampton fair. Every one, of course, remarked that the "Wizard" was a wonderful horse for his age, more so as to his shape, and that it was quite a miracle how he could be the

son of such an unworthy sire. Affairs went on in this way, and, as we have shewn, the horse came out and won; still nothing could be proved, and the secret would have probably been kept profoundly to this day, had not a Newmarket 'touter,' who was sentenced to transportation for occupying his winter hours in sheep-stealing, made a confession that when he was a boy in Milsom's stable, the exchange had been made. At first, the trainer put a good face upon the matter, showed letters in which the 'watcher' had asked him for money to enable him to employ counsel on his trial, and which he had refused to give; but the evidence of the man, who had bought the colt at Northampton, added to that of a jockey then in the employ of Milsom, could not be refuted, and Richard was denounced as a convicted rogue. A case not very dissimilar to the above, has since occurred in France, in which Lord Henry Seymour was the plaintiff, and Monsieur Aumont defendant. It was an action to recover the price of a mare, sold to the noble Lord as

“ Herodia ” by “ Aaron,” but which, upon evidence, was proved not to be the same animal. The result of the action was that the *Cour Royale*, of Paris, decided that the mare sold by Aumont to M. Palmer, and by him transferred to Lord Henry Seymour, was a supposititious “ Herodia,” for it ordered the mare to be delivered back to M. Aumont, he returning the 1,000 francs paid for her, and a further sum of the same amount to the plaintiff towards the expenses he had been put to, and also the costs of his lordship and M. Palmer in the suit.

“ Misfortunes seldom come single,” says the proverb, and the truth of it was realized in the present case ; an anonymous letter was forwarded to the stewards of a celebrated race, offering, for a reward of five guineas, to give ample proof of another of Richard Milsom’s rascalities. The proposition was accepted, and Milsom was called upon to confront his accuser face to face. The latter was a man advanced in years, who had formerly looked after Milsom’s small farm and paddocks, and who had been thrown into prison

for a debt claimed by his employer. The facts of the case were, that Milsom having, upon one occasion, found this man too honest for the place, and fearing that he would look attentively into his future practices, he not only gave him notice to quit, but followed it up by commencing an action against him for a small sum, advanced to furnish his son a passage to Canada, as a settler. In vain did old Isaac Budd (such was his name) assert that he had long since worked out the debt; the lawyer, a dirty pettifogging attorney, commenced proceedings, and finally cast the defendant into the debtor's gaol. There, for years he remained, and might have continued a prisoner for the end of his life, had not one of the visiting magistrates taken compassion upon him, and liberated him by paying the alleged debt of eight pounds, with the addition of treble that sum for costs to the rascally limb of the law. Hearing of the four-year-old affair, old Isaac at once came forward to substantiate other acts of roguery against his former master and persecutor.

We will not dwell upon the cases—the quibbles, quirks, and contradictions which Milsom, aided by his attorney, made to the charges—suffice it to say, it was clearly proved that he had upon more than one occasion, pulled up his horse after winning the first heat, causing him to be beat for the second and third, when he had got his money on against him. There was another mal-practice towards his employers, which was brought home to him, namely, that when he was commissioned to sell a horse under his training, he would wait to see the result of the race. If the animal won the first heat, and was pretty sure to carry off the plate or stakes, Dick would declare to the steward that a party had bought the horse before starting, the purchaser being Milsom himself. At a Chatham and Rochester meeting, he once got into an unpleasant fix, having stated that he had sold a horse, the winner of the first heat, when upon being beat for the second, he declared off, under the pretext, that the gentleman had made no deposit, and that he doubted his

solvency. Dick's ingenuity carried him triumphantly through this awkward affair.

No sooner was the trick practised by Milsom discovered, than our young jockey, without waiting for his father's sanction, hastily left his uncle's service. Scarcely had he quitted his roof, than he met with a noble lord—noble in every sense of the word, and who was a true patron of the turf—one who ran for sport and not for lucre, and who, although he might occasionally back his horse for a few pounds, did not run the risk of sacrificing his fortune, and paternal acres by excessive gambling. This nobleman, who had watched young Hilary's progress, immediately engaged him, and from the den of iniquity our young hero had lately been in, and, wonderful to relate, in which he had not been contaminated, he found himself in the well managed stables of a real English nobleman, "all of the olden time."

In the stables of John Leigh, "honest John," as Lord Frederick Bulstrode's trainer was called, our hero found every comfort and

luxury compatible with his situation. The boys' meals, which were excellent, were liberally and regularly served. No swearing was allowed in the stables, and even the most provoking accident was only met by the worthy trainer's exclamation, "Oh ! lawk, dang it ! who'd have thought it ?" Gambling was strictly prohibited, and a cricket ground, and the use of a five's court were at the service of the lads.

Honest John's 'better half,' who looked upon cleanliness as one of the cardinal virtues, attended to the boys' comforts, and there was not a merrier set of urchins to be found in all England, than in the well-conducted training stables we have been describing. A certain sum of winning money, was equally divided among them, and each had opened a small account in the Savings' Bank of the neighbouring town. Such was the situation our jockey had entered, where his talents were soon developed, and brought about by an unforeseen event. "The stable," had entered three horses for a large handicap, and by way of practice, Hillary had been put

upon a three-year-old filly, five stone three, which he rode during her gallops. Finding her greatly inferior to the other lot, she was about to be scratched, when John Leigh thought a mount amidst a large field would tend to elevate his protégé Sam, who was to ride the following day for the Cup, feather weight, and he accordingly prevailed upon his employer to let the filly start. Sam was ordered to make severe running, and when beat to give it up to the horse that the party had declared to win with.

“ Yes, my Lord,” said the embryo Robinson, “ but supposing I am not beat, of course then I am to win ?”

“ To be sure,” responded his noble master, “ win if you can, but do not punish the filly if you cannot.”

“ You will see, my Lord, I can win,” replied the boy, “ she frets dreadfully if you pull at her. Last Wednesday, in the trial, I could have won, had I given her her head, but as Mr. Leigh says, I may take the lead and keep it, there is nothing I think can catch her.”

“ Well Sam, you are a sanguine boy, do your best.”

“ I will, my Lord,” and the young jockey was as good as his word. Away he went with a capital start, made severe running, outlasted the field, and won the race cleverly,—indeed so little did the other jockeys in the race anticipate the possibility of the light weight winning, that they took not the slightest notice of her until half a mile from home, when one of them, an excellent judge of pace, caught a glimpse of the filly at the last turn, and exclaimed, “ The young one beats us.” From this moment all were on the *qui vive*; but despite of their best endeavours, backed by whip, spur, and the finest riding, not one could catch our young jockey. For a second, the clattering of the horses behind him, the shouting of the crowd had nearly upset him, but he instantly recovered, sat quiet, gave the filly a pull and landed her by a neck.

We must now put on our seven-league boots, and pass over with rapid strides many incidents

in the life of the jockey, all of which redounded greatly to his credit. One event we must however allude to, namely, his marriage with Susan Aylesford, the only daughter of the respectable proprietor of the 'Talbot Inn,' Doncaster. The union was all that could be desired, for the bride possessed youth, beauty and plain common sense. We must pass over the honey-moon, the welcome arrival of a "little stranger," and proceed to a period which, in the transpontine theatrical bills, would be thus worded, "an elapse of one year is supposed to have taken place." Young Hillary had given up the turf, his wife had inherited her father's fortune, and had taken possession of the 'Talbot,' and all went "merry as a marriage bell," when the death of our hero's mother cast a gloom over his otherwise unalloyed happiness. Sam's first act was to invite his father and brothers to join him in the business, who joyfully accepted the invitation, and were all established during the ensuing Christmas at the 'Talbot,' when the event about to be recorded took place.

Christmas "comes but once a-year," and our hero and his wife felt the strongest attachment to this period of generous rejoicing and universal happiness. At the 'Talbot' all was mirth and festivity. The crackling faggot blazed upon the hearth, the mistletoe bough hung in every room in the house—romping and rural dances were carried on from morn till night. Nor among these merry meetings, were the poor forgotten; a full meal of good and substantial food, and a copious draught of strong and generous liquor, were given to those borne down by poverty. It was about nine o'clock in the evening of this sacred day, when the party consisting of the landlord and landlady, Mr. Hillary, Senr., with two or three of the townsmen, and their wives, were assembled in the bar parlour. A huge bowl of punch was steaming on the board, the last drop of rum had just been poured into this tempting beverage by the smiling hostess, who now began to dispense the grateful nectar to her guests. All, with one exception, declared it to be perfect.

“I must say,” said young Hudson, the exciseman, who stood in a glorious minority; “that it is not to my mind quite sweet enough.”

“Not sweet enough,” reponded the landlady, “I can easily remedy that,” and away she tripped to the sideboard to get an extra quantity of sugar. No sooner had she reached it, than up jumped the man of excise, and with one hand pointing to a green branch that hung over it, with the other seized the blushing dame, tenderly yet respectfully, and imprinted a kiss on her fair lips.

“Nothing contraband under the mistletoe bough,” said the foe to the smuggler. “Don’t take any further trouble, it’s quite sweetened to my liking now.” Susan blushed, the elder Hillary indulged in a hearty good laugh, and all admired the ingenuity of the persevering exciseman, who having been baulked all day in his attempts to carry out this seasonable privilege, had eventually gained it with such credit to his wit. For the next hour mirth and good humour prevailed, when just as Mr. Bingley, the brewer,

was about to propose the health of the host and hostess, a noise was heard in the yard, and the voice of the constable shouting.

“Rescue, help, help, or the murderer will escape!”

At this, the whole of the male party hastily left the room, but not before our hero Samuel, had assured his trembling wife, that he would shortly return, and would follow her injunctions of not placing himself in the way of danger. No sooner had the party, headed by Hillary, reached the yard, than a scene presented itself which requires the pen of a Dickens to depict. The snow which had fallen in the day, was now three inches deep, the night clear and frosty, and by the light of the moon, the party from the ‘Talbot’ could easily recognize the men from whom the cries had emanated. A track of blood led from a spot where, by the trampling of feet, there had evidently been a scuffle, to a shed under which might be seen the form of an elderly man, bleeding profusely, and supported by the chief constable and two stable-keepers, who in vain were attempting to staunch the

wound. In the back ground stood a man of middle age and a commanding figure, with his hands manacled, and two stalwart labourers guarding him. No sooner had Hillary, father and son, caught a glimpse of the wounded man, than they ran off in different directions to obtain surgical assistance. In the mean time, the constable had sent for a magistrate, whose clerk was now taking down the evidence of the dying man. By his statement, it appeared that the wounded victim, and the other prisoner, had for some time been partners in guilt; for many years they had attended racecourses and fairs, with low gambling-tables, but finding that occupation unproductive, had finally turned housebreakers. Chance had brought them to the town in which the scene of our narrative has lately been laid, and here was brought about the dreadful catastrophe. For some moments the wounded man's voice became nearly inarticulate, but the evidence was made up by the deposition of a female servant, who stated that she lived with an aged widow at a small cottage close to the back of the inn-yard, and that at

nine o'clock they had retired to bed, when shortly afterwards they were alarmed by some one breaking into the house; they got up and attempted to escape, but found the door was fastened on the outside. Two men, with their faces blackened, then burst into the house, through a back window, presented pistols at the inmates, and threatened them with instant death, unless they surrendered all the money they possessed. After a time, the witness was induced to give up her savings, which amounted to nearly four sovereigns, on condition that they would spare her life. They then proceeded to search the house, break open the cupboards, and finally succeeded in discovering thirty sovereigns, which the widow Holbrook had laid by for her rent. They then rudely forced the two females to their bed, where they bound them, saying,

“We shall do now, if you peach you’ll repent,” and left the cottage.

The dying man, having had a cordial administered to him, now gradually revived, and continued his narrative in disjointed sen-

tences: it was to the effect, that having washed the black off their faces, and thrown away the old great coats in which they were disguised, they proceeded to the first public-house to "wet" their robbery, and divide the spoil; the tap of the 'Talbot' chanced to be that house, and here, as their dress and manner shewed them to be of a better class than the common trampers, they were conducted into the kitchen of the inn; it was then that the elder of the two, first saw the name of Samuel Hillary upon the pewter pots; upon enquiry he found that the present proprietor had been a jockey, that his father had resided at Portsmouth. The parlour and the kitchen were only divided by a glass window, the old man had approached that window; there the first sight that greeted his eyes was a party enjoying such happiness, as once he himself had delighted in. His conscience, scared as it had been, smote him to his heart's core, his companion witnessed the change, and called upon him to rouse himself, or all would be discovered. Under some pretext they rose and left the kitchen, and

stood for some time under the archway of the inn.

“In a few hours the house will be closed,” said the younger, “and with these instruments, we can easily force an entrance; from what I gleaned this morning the ‘swag’s’ plentiful.”

“No,” responded the other, “I’ll be no party to it.”

“Perhaps you’ll split,” replied the former, in a sneering tone, “turn King’s evidence, and get me ‘scragged;’ but come old fellow,” he proceeded, in a wheedling voice, “we’ll do them no harm, a few pounds more or less will make no difference, and we can’t live for ever on the old woman’s money.”

“No,” exclaimed the elderly man, “come what come may, I’ll never consent to rob them—when I think of bygone days, of that boy—” here the speaker seemed to be worked up to a paroxysm of grief, when his comrade petulantly exclaimed,

“Snivelling fool! beware of the halter! one word from me, and your life is forfeited.”

“Yes, villain! one word from you would forfeit my life and yours too; that last burglary at Epsom, attended as it was by foul murder, was my doing, through your planning. The thought of it haunts me night and morning; what palliation is there in the thought that I committed it in self-defence, through your cowardice or treachery which left me to contend with two powerful adversaries; but listen, those sounds remind me of happy days, when my hands were free from blood, my conscience clear of sin. See the joyous faces of those innocent creatures, enjoying a happy merry Christmas.” Here the aged man approached the window of the parlour, which threw a light upon the inn yard, “I can bear this no longer—I will at least atone for the past by making a clear breast—”

“Never!” exclaimed the other, “swear that you will be secret, or by my soul you leave not this spot alive!” At this moment, the constables who had been informed of the robbery at Widow Holbrook’s, made their appearance with the female witness, whose

deposition they were about to take down at the 'Talbot.'

"Constable," cried the elder man, "I am a murderer! We—"

"Silence," shouted his partner in guilt, seizing him by the throat, as he raised his pistol, and uttered an awful imprecation. The elder man attempted to elude his grasp; in the scuffle the pistol went off, and as the wounded man solemnly avowed, by design, not accident. The result is known; the younger prisoner attempted to escape, but was captured, after a violent resistance, and the elder one was carried to the outhouse, where every assistance was rendered him. No sooner had the dying man finished his narrative, than the two Hillarys returned with a surgeon, who at once pronounced the wound to be fatal.

The elder Hillary approached the dying man, "What do I see?" he exclaimed, "Richard Milsom!"

Richard recognizing his brother-in-law's features, held out his hand, and beckoned to Samuel, then with both eyes raised as if

asking forgiveness, uttered faintly, "I've wronged you both, may Heaven forgive me; there stands the murderer of my soul and body, but—I pardon him." A mist came over the old man's eyes—in a few seconds he was a corpse.

The younger prisoner was now brought forward, and at a glance our hero recognized in him the features of his former tempter, the arch-fiend Moss. Not a word was exchanged. The murderer's committal was made out, and he was escorted by the constabulary to the county gaol. Upon the following morning, a Coroner's inquest was held upon the body of the unfortunate Milsom, who brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Bendigo Moses alias Captain Moss, the deposition of the dying man as to the threat, and the pistol being pointed, being corroborated by the constable.

The day of trial arrived, Bendigo Moses, who had retained the service of an Old Bailey counsel, pleaded "Not guilty." The witnesses examined before the magistrates and coroner were called, who repeated amidst a considerable

degree of brow-beating, their former evidence, which fully corroborated the statement made by the learned counsel for the prosecution. The Judge having summed up, left the case in the hands of the jury. There was a breathless silence in the court, as the clerk of the arraigns inquired: "Do you find the prisoner, Bendigo Moses, guilty or not guilty of the murder of Richard Milsom?"

"Guilty," replied the foreman.

"Prisoner at the bar," proceeded the clerk, "you have been convicted of the crime of wilful murder. What have you to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner who had been greatly agitated during the time the Judge was summing up, was now so faint that he was obliged to be supported by the turnkeys, and the learned Judge at once proceeded to pass sentence. He warned the prisoner to make use of the few days which remained to him in this world, in seeking that repentance which should prepare him for the next, and told him that there was not the slightest chance that the extreme penalty

of the law would be remitted. The sentence of the court was, that he was to be taken from thence to the gaol for the county, and thence to the place of execution, and that there be hanged by the neck till he was dead ; and that his body was to be afterwards buried within the precincts of the prison. Bendigo Moses was then conveyed to the condemned cell of the county gaol ; where he was visited by the chaplain, to whom he made the following written confession, which will give a tolerable insight into the life of the blackleg.

“ I am the only son of Barney Moses, and first saw the light in Monmouth Street, Seven Dials. All I remember of my mother is that she was a handsome showy woman, who died before I attained my sixth year, from a blow received in a drunken scuffle, at a low gin palace in St. Giles’s. My father, who was a Jewish Othello, had vented his anger upon a supposed Michael Cassio, and my mother, interfering, received the weight of his heavy and muscular arm, which in a few hours proved fatal. The affair was hushed up, and

in less than six months, my father consoled himself by taking a dark eyed maid of Judah (and of all work) to his heart and home. Unfortunately for him, his second wife, although of his own persuasion, did not turn out a whit better than his first, and before a year had elapsed from the day of his marriage, Mrs. Moses eloped with a costermonger. As ecclesiastical courts and divorces are unknown in the classical purlieus of Seven Dials, my ill-used parent attended to the advice of a brother forsaken, who told him he had nothing left, but "to grin and bear it."

In those days the prize ring had not degenerated to the state it latterly has, and my father, who had fought a good many battles, was backed heavily against a Birmingham pet, Sooty Bill, the flue-faker. The fight came off at Moulsey Hurst. My father was conveyed to the arena of his glory in a coroneted carriage and four, supported by three Corinthian pillars of the state. I was permitted to accompany the party, and found myself perched upon the rumble, by the side of a duodecimo

tiger, my Lord's groom. At starting, my father had entrusted me with about two dozen silk handkerchiefs, which he called "bird's-eye fogles," blue and white, the colours of his backers; these, I was to dispose of at a guinea a piece, which I did long before the men stripped for action.

A noble patron presented me with a guinea for myself, hoping I should prove a chip of the old block, as he placed another in my hand for the favourite coloured handkerchief. I pass over the fight, which was a slashing affair, and lasted nearly forty minutes. The Brummagem hero was a glutton—there was no satisfying him; at length, however, nature gave way, and as he could not be brought to the scratch, my father was declared the winner. One event alone occurred, worth recording, and that first gave me a taste for roguery. My father, who was the best sparrer of the day, had gone through half-a-dozen rounds, without receiving a single blow, the odds were now three to one upon him; in the seventh round, Sooty Bill closed with his opponent, and to use the

language of the ring, got his “caput into chancery ;” in a second, they fell with the “pet” uppermost, a shout for Sooty Bill now echoed over the Hurst, and the betting was even. During the above time, I had been sitting in the front circle of the ring, but seeing the blood flow from my father’s nose, I hastily got up to retire, when he beckoned to me to bring him an orange I held in my hand ; whilst giving it to him, he exclaimed in a whisper, “ It’s all right, my boy, I’m safe to win ; that last round was gammon—lay out your guinea upon me, and more if you can get it on.”

Time was called ; for a few seconds my father fought warily, during which his immediate friends, who had, like me, received the office, laid out their money upon him. I mentioned my wishes to the noble lord who had conveyed us to the fight, who not only promised to lay out the guinea for me, but added, that as I was a sporting young cove, and game to the back bone, (he had not seen me turn pale at the sight of what he would have called “ claret ”) he would make me a

present of ten guineas, if my father won. Whether the noble backer acted upon my hint, I know not, suffice it to say he laid out two hundred pounds upon his protégé, and the money being now on, my father went in and never gave his adversary another chance.

For some time, I lived on the money thus acquired, which amounting to twelve guineas, I thought an inexhaustible treasure, but finding the ways and means deficient, I had recourse to a variety of schemes for raising the wind. Among them, was one which has since been discovered, albeit at the time a most profitable speculation. Dressed up in a suit of ragged attire, with a box of lucifer matches, I posted myself at some public thoroughfare; and no sooner did any quiet respectable looking female, or country farmer approach, than I, as if by accident, got in their way, and fell on the pavement, with all my light ware, (I mean no pun) in the kennel. At this, I commenced a sob, which ended in an hysterical sort of a cry, "oh! oh!! oh!!!" I exclaimed, "what will moth—moth—mother say, oh! oh!! oh!!!" at this expression of grief,

one of the above mentioned passers by, seldom failed to condole with me, offering to pick up my matches, and upon hearing the sad tale, that I was the youngest of seven fatherless children, rewarded me with a few shillings. For some months, I carried on this nefarious practice, working upon the generous sympathies of the public, and robbing them of what was meant to be charitably bestowed; at length the trick was found out, and I was compelled to seek some other means of gulling the tender-hearted. An opulent banker was in the daily habit of crossing Cornhill on his way to Throgmorton Street, and an "artful dodge" occurred to my fertile mind, which in the above case, and in many others proved successful.

"Please Sir, you've dropped this half-crown," said I, holding out a coin of the above value encrusted with dirt.

"Have I? that's a good boy, honesty's the best policy," responded the gull, "you may keep that, and here's a reward for your integrity."

By this, and a variety of ingenious devices I

realized a large sum, which by a gambling transaction was raised to a hundred pounds; And upon coming of age, I found myself the possessor of a handsome face, a good address, a quick perception, wonderful powers of calculation, and two hundred guineas. With this stock in hand, I determined to make a figure upon the continent, and left London for the French capital.

No sooner did I reach Paris, than I presented myself to the director of the *Salon des Etrangères*, or principal fashionable gaming-house, sanctioned by government. A good exterior, an off-hand manner, to which I have before alluded, and a forged letter of introduction, purporting to be written by a fashionable London *roué*, procured me, at once, the countenance of the Parisian Pandemonium; I was forthwith invited to dinner, and was amazingly well received by the president and the distinguished party there assembled.

Never was there such a mixture—French generals, Russian princes, Polish counts, German barons, English lords, half-pay officers, black-

legs, sharpers, swindlers, and *chevaliers d'industrie* of all nations. At this table I invented and introduced a plan, which has since been carried on throughout the continent. The game was hazard and the stakes large, my scheme was to place a heap of counters of the smallest value, perhaps six or seven of one Napoleon each, upon the table; if I was beat, the croupier raked up the counters; if, on the contrary, I won, I placed three or four counters of five-and-twenty Napoleons each in the palm of my hand, and while pretending to display and count my small heap, dropped the additional large counters into it. By this means I never lost more than seven Napoleons, and often won one hundred and seven. Bolder grown, I encreased my stakes, and upon one occasion I dropped counters to the amount of three hundred Napoleons.

To the uninitiated in play, this may appear strange, but to those who attend the gaming-table, it will easily be understood, especially when I remind the reader that the most gallant and most honourable players are usually very

superstitious, and greatly object to the croupier touching their stakes for fear of bad luck, independently of those who often hide large counters by smaller ones to prevent lookers on knowing the sums they play for.

After realizing a considerable amount of money at Paris, not alone at the above game, but by private hazard at home, with false dice, and at écarté with marked cards, and sleight of hand tricks, I returned to my native land, a movement which was very much accelerated by the threat of a German Baron, whom I had victimized, not only to expose, but to shoot me afterwards for my cheating propensities.

No sooner had I reached London, than I announced my arrival in the morning papers, at a fashionable west end hotel, sported a new cab, showed myself at Tattersall's, took a stall at the opera, and gave a dinner at the Clarendon to some half dozen sporting friends, which I managed to pay for, out of winnings from my guests at a public billiard table we resorted to after I had plied them with champagne, burgundy, and claret. To render my

plan secure, I played booty during dinner, imbibing toast and water to an extent that would have gladdened the heart of Father Mathew, and taking "my cue" in earnest sobriety, when they were inflamed with liquor, pocketed a cool hundred at pool. At one period, I got up several gentlemanlike practises, occasionally resorted to by my betters. The first was to have a half-crown made with two heads, and with this bifron metal I always made a point of tossing up for dinners, post horses, and hacks to the races. Now and then, I varied this game by introducing one invented by myself, and which was played in the following manner. Placing two shillings upon the table, unseen by any one, under the palm of my hand; the right one with the head, and the left with what is usually called the "tail" uppermost, I begged my adversary to name which it was; if he cried "heads," I gently glided the one showing the head away, leaving the other visible, and so vice versa if he called "tails," by which, of course he always lost.

With a little practice I soon became perfect,

and won no end of money and dinners by my new game. I have not time to dwell upon a variety of other means which I had recourse to, they consisted of bets which had previously been decided, such as the sizes of the different squares in London, the length of streets, the height of public monuments, the way the Northumberland crest the lions at Sion and in the Strand looked. But I was once awfully taken in at an ordinary at Chester. Previous to dinner, I had counted the number of the legs of the chairs and tables, in order that I might lead to the subject, and make a wager that I guessed nearer than any other person in the room. I soon ascertained the number, viz, two hundred and forty legs to the chairs, and twenty to the tables, total two hundred and sixty. Not wishing to name the actual number when the bet was made, I named two hundred and sixty one, and my opponent five less.

I offered to double the wager, and it was eagerly taken up. Upon counting the legs, (not blacklegs) the umpire decided that I had lost, the number being two hundred and fifty

six. Preserving my equanimity, which seldom forsook me, I proceeded myself to count the numbers, and in so doing ascertained that no less than two legs of both tables and chairs had been amputated. The mystery was dissolved the following morning, by the waiter informing me, that my calculating operation had been witnessed, and that my opponent had decided upon “turning the tables” against me, by calling for a saw, and taking off the above mentioned limbs.

Upon another occasion, that jade fortune, failed to stand by me; I had made a bet of fifty pounds that I rode a favourite hunter over a small side toll-bar gate in the suburbs of London, which he had never seen, an awkward jump owing to the taking off. The wager was to come off the following morning; and as the stipulation made, was, that my horse had never seen the place, all believed that he would fail. We reached the spot at an early hour; and, when the gate was seen, the odds were two to one against me. Just before the hunter arrived,

and I was preparing to mount, the toll-keeper approached my adversary, and said he should like to back the horse for five pounds.

“Why, you are mad,” responded the other. “It’s two to one against him !”

“Never mind,” persevered the pike, “I’ll stand ‘fiv’ pun,’ and here it is, for I’ve seen the gemman (gents were not then in existence) take the leap every day for the last fortnight ; the first time the ‘orse would not ‘ave it, but since that he’s never failed.”

I tried to put a good face upon the matter, referred to the lying propensities of the gate-keepers, pointed out that he was mistaken, but my rhetoric failed ; the mine was exploded, and I was happy to clap spurs to my horse, and get off as fast as I could, when after a time the affair blew over.

To those who do not wish to be victimized, I beg to remark that the lion at Northumberland House, turns his back to the city, and at Sion House looks towards it ; that Eaton Square is the largest, being 1,637 feet by 371, Cadogan

Place the next, 1,450 by 370. Lincolns-inn 773 by 624, Belgrave Square 684 by 637; and Grosvenor Square 654 feet square.

I shortly afterwards turned my thoughts to the turf, and soon became a proficient "leg." My mornings were passed at Tattersall's, and my nights at the Blue Posts, Cyder Cellars, and Coal Hole. My first attempt to bribe a young lad, Samuel Hillary, failed, as did my attempt to poison the favourite, then in his uncle Milsom's stables.

These events nearly ruined me, but retiring for a short time, they were forgotten, and I soon returned with fresh vigour and energy. Upon one occasion, I agreed with my confederate, O'Hara, to make two books for the Derby. I was to back the favourite for a large amount, and he was to lay out the same sum upon the field. The result was, that I netted some thousands, and he, as a matter of course, lost, and was declared a levanter.

In order to throw dust into the eyes of the public, we got up a wrangle at Tattersall's, and upon the settling day, I posted my confederate

as a swindler ; this led to an amicable meeting at Chalk Farm, when to adopt the line of poor Theodore Hook, written upon another celebrated "*book*" occasion,

“ Our pistols were loaded with paper.”

This “ affair of honour ” was chronicled in all the daily evening papers. O’Hara was carried off the ground apparently wounded, for he had provided himself with a small bladder of red ink, which he punctured with a pin as I aimed at his body. The Jewish money lenders, the insurance offices, the blacklegs were all in great consternation when they read the account of the duel, and O’Hara’s lodgings were inundated with inquiries.

My adventures at Paris, have already been made known to the public, save and except one dark deed, which I would fain pass over.

It was during my apparent prosperity in that capital, that I became acquainted with Emily de Masson. She inherited an ample fortune from her father, an eminent physician, who had re-

tired after realizing an honourable independence in the south of France. We were married—and the thought maddens me—she died a slow, lingering death, from poison administered by one who had sworn to love and cherish her—the remembrance of her meekness and resignation—the prayer for the welfare of him she never suspected to be her murderer—haunted me night and morning, and drove me to recklessness. My ill-gotten wealth was soon squandered at Spa, and I returned to England penniless and alone.

Passing through London, I accidentally fell in with my old acquaintance, Richard Milsom, who had become associated with a gang of housebreakers; and driven to desperation, I joyfully accepted his offer of joining his comrades in crime. The metropolis was getting too warm for us, police officers were on the look-out, and we left it on a professional visit to Liverpool; in that populous town we made a good harvest, and then proceeded to the Isle of Man. Here, unfortunately, we were discovered in an attempt to rob the bank, and were con-

fined in the prison of Castle Rushen. I was placed in the western tower, my prison room being immediately over the kitchen.

For some time I had planned an escape, and late one Saturday, I carried it into execution. I selected that time, because it was the custom of the gaoler to deliver a change of linen on that night for the approaching Sabbath. No sooner had the keeper left me, than I made a ladder, formed of the bed ticking, and my two weeks' linen. I then tore up the boards of the floor, and by the aid of my ladder, descended to the room below, the door of which was, fortunately open; then, by means of a table and chair, obtained from the kitchen, I managed to reach the roof of the tower, from whence, by strips of blankets, and my linen ladder fastened to the ends, I lowered myself into the ditch, a height of nearly fifty feet. After wrenching off the lock of the stair-case I succeeded in breaking open the doors of two other prisoners' cells. We then, by piling up a vast quantity of tables and forms upon the roof of an outbuilding, surmounted a high wall surrounding their yard,

and finally ascending the ramparts, reached the outer works of the castle, by aid of some fishing nets and tackle that were drying on the bastion.

We then took possession of a small cutter, and stocked it with salt fish, which were hanging at the doors of some cottages ; fortunately, one of my comrades had been brought up in the merchant service ; and, taking charge of the vessel, he made our passage without any danger. Upon reaching the Welsh coast, we scuttled the 'Sea Flower'—so the craft was called—broke open a house to get money enough to take us to London ; committed the burglary at Epsom, which was attended with loss of life ; and were on our road to Scotland, when, by ill-luck, we stopped in this town, and committed the fatal act for which I now stand convicted.

Much of the former part of the above narrative was written before the author's hands had been imbued with blood, which will account, in some degree, for its levity ; and it was only when referring to his wife's murder, that his conscience seemed to smite him.

The morning appointed for the execution arrived. The sun shone out in unclouded brilliancy; the air was calm and undisturbed, save by the deep, hoarse and indefinable murmur that arose from the vast multitude, and whose eyes found one focus in the spot upon which the object of their curiosity was soon to appear. All nature seemed to wear her loveliest aspect of the earliest spring, and afforded an appallingly startling contrast to the gloomy business that was then being transacted within the prison walls, and was rapidly drawing to its consummation.

When the turnkey opened the cell door, and acquainted Moss with the fact that the last moment was at hand, he exclaimed, "I am glad you are come," and shortly afterwards was led to the scaffold, accompanied by the chaplain and gaoler.

Throughout the whole of the awful and imposing ceremony, the prisoner, who seemed perfectly reconciled to his impending fate, evinced the greatest firmness, without, however,

the least shadow of bravado. When the executioner had adjusted the rope, Moss (as we still call him), thus addressed the populace :

“ Take warning from me ; never let yourselves be entangled with bad company. Evil example has brought me to this shameful end. Farewell. Remember the last words of a dying man.”

Immediately after the prisoner had delivered this address, he seized hold of the chaplain’s hand, grasped it fervently, uttered a few words in prayer ; and, the bolt being drawn, he, with scarcely a struggle, ceased to exist.

Return we to our hero Hillary, who, during the days that preceded the one in which the murderer had expiated his crime, retired with his wife and children to that romantic watering-place, Scarborough. Here he moralized over the melancholy fate of his uncle, and his companion in wickedness, and offered up a heartfelt acknowledgment for the graces that had been shed about his heart, and which, through a life of many trials and temptations, had caused him to act upon that golden of all golden rules—

“ Honesty is the best policy.”

brace of pheasants was not likely to bring forth another invitation ; the Dean had lost a relative, and had declined all society for the present ; the Mayor would, as a matter of course, invite the field officers of the regiment to his annual entertainment ; and the principal families would be rewarded for their hospitality, by the loan of the band, a favour that would cost our hero very little trouble in applying for. In this manner, the Major speculated, as with a pen, ink, and paper before him, he sat ruminating upon the best account to which he could convert two brace of pheasants and a hare. Egregious as was the vanity of the gallant officer, there was another trait in the lady-killer's character, we have not yet alluded to ; it was a passion for dining out, and the manœuvres he occasionally practised were worthy the *Gastronome sans argent* of the French, or the "Sponge" of the English stage. Whenever the Major was in London, he hired a first floor, near his club, making an arrangement with the landlord, to have his name on a small brass plate by the side of the door, and taking especial care, to

have his residence inserted in Boyle's "Court Guide." "Nothing like keeping up appearances," argued our friend to himself, "how many dinners men lose by having no fixed home, only get your name into the Directories, and in the event of disappointment, a host knows at once where to find a substitute." It was curious to watch the proceedings of the "diner out," for no sooner had he finished his breakfast—a meal which, be it said, he generally invited a friend to partake of, thinking it a good investment to bring out a more important repast, than he proceeded on his day's work; and, perhaps, we cannot enlighten our readers better, with respect to his manœuvres, than by giving one of his diurnal adventures, when, according to the phraseology of a naval friend, he was "cruising for a cutlet."

At eleven o'clock, Skittowe was to be seen at the guard-mounting at St. James's Palace, where there was a chance of an invitation to the dinner prepared for the officers on duty; if that failed, he would drop in at the house of some intimate friend, lead to a conversation

respecting the dulness of London, hint at the play, or concert, in the hopes of being asked to partake of the family fare.

Failing in this, the Major would commence his "cruise," "touching" at all the clubs he belonged to. About three o'clock, he would again get "under weigh," and after "running" down St. James's Street, would "beat" up Pall Mall, "tacking" in Regent Street, and "scudding" along Bond Street. Every dinner giving "craft" that came in view, he hailed; first, a "richly freighted" merchant-man might chance to cross his tack, in whom he would fire a broadside; but the prize was not worth having. Next, a noble yachter hove in sight; the Major tried to get the weather side of him, but no dinner flag seemed likely to be hoisted that day. Whilst "laying to" off Bond Street, an East India-man might be seen under heavy canvas, steering for his haven, Hanover Square; our hero would then clap on all sail, and run under his lee; but the India-man was not "homeward bound" having ordered his mulligatawny soup, and rabbit curry at the Oriental. With a West India-man he would be equally

unlucky, the depressed state of the colonies not enabling him to indulge in luxuries. Returning to St. James's Street, some foreign "craft" might be fallen in with; but despite of all our friend's tact, no hospitable summons was issued for seven o'clock. Three chances alone were left—the officers of the household cavalry brigade at the Horse Guards, the barracks, or during the sitting of the Criminal Court, the sheriff's dinner at the Old Bailey.

Pass we the long unvarying (and hitherto unsuccessful track) and bring our readers to four o'clock, when the "crusier" ran down to the Horse Guards, and fell in with a "man of war" inspecting his "crew," but here again he was doomed to disappointment—all the officers were engaged. Nothing daunted, Skittowe would again "set sail" steering due east, and passing the "fleet" soon reached, what, to carry on our nautical metaphor, might be termed the hulks and dockyard—namely Newgate and the Old Bailey. There, bringing himself to an anchor, he would enter the latter court, and lose no time in forwarding his card to one of the sheriffs,

politely asking for a seat on the bench, being, as he said, deeply interested in the trial. With that courtesy which characterizes the conduct of these officials, the request would probably be readily granted, and the chances were, it would speedily be followed by another, of greater interest—namely an invitation to meet the judges at the sheriff's table at five o'clock.

The Major would be all smiles and thanks, and apologizing for his morning dress, accept the invitation. During the quarter of an hour, that preceded dinner, Skittowe turned that generally admitted dull time to no little account—having received three invitations for the following week—one to the Goldsmiths' Company, another to the Spectacle Makers' at Blackwall, and last, not least, the third to the Lord Mayor's snug party of seventy at the Mansion House.

Our military "*sponge*" having, by dint of talent, entrapped two aldermen into *his* chains. Hence the introduction to the chief magistrate of the city, and to two of the freemen, and its result.

The Major, in his idle hours, had drawn up a few hints for diners out, and as they may not be uninteresting to the reader, we give them from the original manuscript.

“Never arrive late at a dinner party, your host and hostess are apt to get in a fuss, at the probability of having the dinner spoilt, and invariably vent their spleen upon the absent guests. As a matter of course, extol your amphitron’s house and furniture, not omitting a small dose of “sawdor”- to the hostess, in praise of her dress, and “lovely progeny.” Ascertain, if possible, the names and avocations of all the guests, so that you may be prepared to throw in an appropriate word to any one, whom chance may place at your side. If an antiquated damsel, doomed to single blessedness, or wretchedness, as the case may be, talk of the folly of youthful marriages, dwell upon the absurdity of being taken from the school-room to the altar, and run the changes upon “childish attachments,” “too young to know their own minds,” “marry in haste and repent at leisure.”

If a full blown matron, with a large family of ordinary young ladies, and a coxcombical son, enquire who the very *distinguée demoiselle* is, and who the intellectual youth? If a poet, poetess, author or authoress, is near you, quote a line, or sentence—having read up from the criticisms for the occasion—of the last work, and talk of it as one of the most talented productions of this or any other season. Censure the severity of critics, the envy of the reviewers, which will draw forth a reply from the writer of “the kindness shewn to his or her unpretending volume.” If the work is dull, say the right minded public will in time appreciate it, despite of the snarls of cynics. If the author has been guilty of plagiarism, give a list of noble and talented literary pilferers, of present and bygone times, illustrating your remark with a reply of Charles the Second, who, when urged not to patronize one of Dryden’s plays, as having been stolen from other works, replied “Steal me such another, and I will support it, as I do honest John’s.”

If you find yourself next to a youthful

*aspirante* for poetic honours, say of her work what Sir James Mackintosh wrote of Corinne, "I swallow it slowly, so that I may taste every drop." If a military man is on your side, lead him on to talk of drills, parades, and pipe-clay—*the Duke*, and the Peninsula—of course, pronouncing the corps he belongs to, as the finest in the army. Should he be in the Honourable East India Company's service, discourse of the war, the native and European troops, and the brilliant achievements of the H.E.I.C.S. lending an attentive ear to the narrative of his campaigns.

If a naval man is your neighbour, talk of Nelson, Howe, Collingwood, Dundonald, and Charley Napier, listening to his yarns of the sea, and the dangers of the deep. If a traveller is next to you, journey with him over his beaten track, and urge him to publish his journal.

With a lawyer be brief, they are more accustomed to talk than to listen. With a medical man denounce all who rank higher than he does, attributing success to fashion not talent. With a tuft-hunter drop in accidentally that you thought you saw him the day before

in the park, which will give him an opening to commence a narration of high born dames and nobles, with whom he is on the most intimate terms. With a gentleman of the old school, contrast the manners of the Court of the third George, with the fast men of the present day. With a member of parliament, allude to his last speech, and the unfairness of the reporters, who condensed it to almost nothing. In short, in every respect suit your conversation to your company. Respecting anecdotes, have a certain number stored up in your memory, ready to do their duty when called upon; but be particularly careful never to introduce one out of place, being equally prompt, whenever an opportunity occurs to avail yourself of it. Thus the conversation turns upon Wellington, you immediately begin,

“I heard a most characteristic anecdote of the great man lately,” following it up with some “saying or doing,” not much known and highly embellished. Of course, you had it from one of his most intimate friends.

After telling your story, wait (as the pro-

fessed actors do) for the applause, and do not be carried away by it, or be led to tell another, until an equally favourable opportunity occurs.

In some societies, jocose stories tell well ; the best way of introducing them is to mention James Smith, and the never to be forgotten Theodore Hook ; then you may rattle off a volley of their witty sayings—a smart fire gives your audience no time to dwell upon their goodness.

Be careful of risking a pun of your own ; if guilty of such an atrocity, you had better introduce it in the following manner, “A friend of mine said a tolerably good thing last week,” then give your pun ; if it flashes in the pan, you, of course, add, “Well, I myself did not quite see the wit of it, although every one laughed.” If it goes off brilliantly, when asked, “Who’s your friend ?” you may say, “One’s often worst friend, myself.”

Reader, study the above axioms, and you will shortly become a truly popular diner out.

Signed,

MARMADUKE SKITTOWE.”

We have digressed. Return we to the barracks, where the Major was deliberating as to whom he should extend his bounty.

"Let me see," said Skittowe, "the Colonel gives a dinner to-morrow; young Jerningham, who is asked, is orderly officer for the first time, instead of Wainwright, placed on the sick list; a hare sent in that quarter might bring back an invite. Sims!" said he to his servant, who now answered the bell, "take the hare, with my best compliments, to the Colonel and his lady."

The messenger departed.

At this moment, Captain Coxwell entered the room to enquire whether the Major had received an invitation for the following Tuesday, to dine at the house of a neighbouring magistrate?

"Strange!" replied Skittowe, "I was just going to send him a brace of pheasants, but thought he was still absent at Cowdray."

"My groom is going over with my answer this afternoon, and can take the pheasants if you like."

“I shall feel greatly obliged, Coxwell. I will just write a line with them, explaining why I have not called.”

The Major sat down to indite his letter, which was in due course of time forwarded with the game, and in less than an hour, two notes were placed in his hands, one from the Colonel, thanking him for the hare, and hoping the donor would excuse a short invitation, and partake of it the following day; and the other from the worthy magistrate, apologizing to the gallant officer for not having sooner left cards upon him, and requesting that he would favour him with his company on the following Tuesday, to meet the High Sheriff, and a few of the neighbouring gentry.

“Bravo, bravo!” exclaimed the dinner-dodger, as he placed the two notes in the frame of the small looking-glass that ornamented his sitting-room. “Now, what’s to be done with the other brace?” said the Major to himself, “a cock and a hen. I am engaged every day until Wednesday, they

won't keep after that time, and if I give them to any one in the city or country before that, they will probably bring me an invitation I cannot accept."

The scheming plodder paused. At length, a bright idea seemed to flash across his mind, as he said :

" Yes ! Lady Anne Graystock shall have them, she lives in London nearly all the year round, and when I am there in June, she will be sure to send me opera tickets, and give me a seat in her box."

But here the Major had reckoned without his host, or, more strictly speaking, his hostess, for Lady Anne Graystock was not of the giving order. Indeed, among her most intimate friends, she went by the name of Lady Anne *Gratis*.

Her Ladyship was the seventh daughter of a poor Scotch nobleman, and after having danced and flirted for more than twenty years at all the country balls, this stately spinster, at the age of forty, had fallen in with a young and handsome Glasgow spinner, and

had eloped with him. The result was, that her respected father pocketed his pride, and was delighted to find his daughter so well provided for; but, unfortunately for the happiness of the full-blown bride, before the honeymoon had terminated, a speculation in which Graystock had embarked all his capital, failed, and he was left nearly a pauper, dependent upon the bounty of his rich uncle Dallas, a prudent, thrifty Baillie.

In vain was the noble relative applied to, for he then for the first time expressed his disapprobation of the marriage, and indulged in a long tirade upon the impropriety of elopements, and the undutiful conduct of his daughter in quitting her father's roof.

Happily for the newly married couple, the bridegroom's connections were not so obdurate, and with great exertion and difficulty, obtained for him a situation in the Bank of England; here, after a short, but honourable career, he died, leaving his widow all that he had accumulated, a scanty pittance, which, but for other windfalls (as they are

termed) would scarcely have kept the high-born lady in bread.

Baillie Dallas, who had been obliged to attend a Parliamentary Committee in London during his nephew's life, had received the greatest attention from Lady Anne, in the shape of opera and play boxes, tickets for exhibitions, the corridors of the palace on levée and drawing-room days, and orders to see all the private galleries of pictures in the metropolis. She had also introduced her Glasgow connection to many of her high-born friends, pointing out to them that the Baillie was one of the leading men in that important city ; that he had the best house, gave the most *recherché* dinners, and to crown the whole, had considerable influence in the return of the members.

This character had due effect with many, who began to think Dallas's house would be a good resting place on their way to the north, and invitations flocked in to the worthy spinner, who little dreamt of the cause of all this hospitality. The effect, however, produced, was, that on his return home, he added a codicil to his

will, leaving Lady Anne an annuity, which with the interest of the sum her husband had invested in Consols, amounted to four hundred and fifty pounds per annum.

How she managed to keep up the show she did with this income, would have surprised every one who knew the real state of her ladyship's affairs ; but her policy was to give out that she was wealthy, by which means, tradesmen sought her patronage, and this she knew full well how to turn to account.

The widow's plan was to get her friends to deal with those whom she honoured with her custom, whether librarians, booksellers, stationers, wine merchants, job masters, dress-makers, milliners, shoemakers, mercers, butchers, bakers, fishmongers, grocers, and other purveyors of fancy articles and food to the Lady Anne Graystock ; the result was, presents of scented paper, annuals, pocket-books, venison, game, poultry, pork, fish, fruit, preserved sweet-meats, wine, French plums, gloves, feathers, ribbons, and lace, were constantly sent to her ladyship, with the dutiful respects of the donor ;

a job carriage at the dead season of the year was offered gratuitously to give Lady Anne an airing; private boxes at the Opera House and theatres were at a late hour of the day, when no demand was made for them, forwarded to the kind patroness, who in return called upon her friends to take boxes for the season.

Usually before Easter, her ladyship's name appeared upon a blue pannel, as being the owner of "Grand Tier, No. 40," which some liberal and speculating agent had placed gratuitously at her disposal, knowing that a double return, would be made to him after the *Lent* season (applicably to the time and box) was over. In summing up this imperfect sketch of the canny Scotch woman, we must briefly mention, that as Lady Anne studied outward appearances, she had rented a tolerable sized house in a small street, next to a mansion that occupied the corner of a fashionable square. Through the influence of some friends, she had prevailed upon the proper authorities to paint No 1. (*bis*) Cavendish Square, much to the annoyance of the genuine No 1; and in the Court Guide,

and Directories, her Ladyship appeared, as “Lady Anne Graystock, No. 1, Cavendish Square, and Graystock Castle. N.B.” Whether the latter letters meant North Britain or New Biscay, we know not; suffice it to say, the Castle was either in Airshire, or a *château d'Espagne*.

On the Queen's birthday, and the previous week, the widow sported a pair of job horses, and the family chariot, upon the pannels of which were emblazoned the Graystock arms, united to those of her own ancient lineage. A footman, out of place, was engaged for the time, decked out in the state livery of one of the servants of the defunct Baillie, who upon the visit of George the Fourth to Scotland, had been compelled to take a prominent part in the civic festivities. The carriage, which Uncle Dallas had purchased at his nephew's bankruptcy, and the sky-blue and crimson liveries, covered over with silver lace, had been bequeathed to Lady Anne, and were only brought out upon this all important event. As regarded meals, the cook had a perfect sinecure, for her mistress seldom or ever lunched or dined at home, and

during the London season, universally supped at one ball or another.

As Lady Anne was much courted by young ladies to *chaperon* them, she had talent enough to propose herself to luncheon or dinner, with a view of arranging plans; and in the event of her not being invited to an evening party, she would pen pretty billets to those of her acquaintances, who were going, expressing her desire to see them dressed for the ball or *soirée*, and which always produced a tea, if not a more substantial repast. In point of fact, this modern Archimedean "screw" lived on the bounties of the British public.

Whether a sympathy existed between her Ladyship and Major Skittowe, founded upon the old axiom "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," we will not stop to enquire; it is enough to say, that the gallant officer had met the calculating widow at a fancy bazaar at Chelsea, and the fair one had quite won his heart by offering him a ticket and a seat in her box at the opera, upon a night, when she accidentally heard him declare, he was obliged to be with

his regiment at Chichester. To account for the reciprocity of feeling, we must explain that Skittowe's acquaintance with some dozen scions of the nobility, whom he had met in country quarters, had decided the question in Lady Anne's mind, that he was evidently a person of consequence; and the friendly recognition of a noble Duke, who expressed a hope to see him, when next he went into Derbyshire, made her doubly anxious to add the Major's name to her list of visitors. I have entered at some considerable length upon the character of this lady, because it was at her house, as will in due course of time be developed, an event occurred, which formed one of the most important epochs of my life.

## CHAPTER V.

“Ah! brilliant pheasants!”

BYRON.

MAJOR SKITTOWE having determined upon sending a brace of pheasants to his aristocratic acquaintance in town, lost no time in directing them to “The Lady Anne Graystock, with care, immediate, and carriage paid.” To account for this apparent act of liberality on the part of the donor, we must add, that one of his brother officers was going up in the coach, to attend a medical board, and had promised to take charge of the game, and forward it from the

White Horse Cellar to its destination. To prevent any comments upon the part of the book-keeper, or driver, the Major had covered the real direction with a piece of paper, upon which was written. "Paymaster Blayner, — Regt. passenger. At a little before seven o'clock, on a dark foggy evening, the coach with the precious present entered the ill-lit streets of the great metropolis, and having been stopped at the turnpike gate in Piccadilly, opposite Grosvenor Place, to pay the toll, then and there collected, drove slowly to the "Cellar." What a scene shortly afterwards presented itself! the drawing up of the mails, about to start for Bath, Bristol, Devonport, Gloucester, Portsmouth, Salisbury and Southampton.

"We ne'er shall look upon the like again!" This is a subject upon which we could descant for hours, but time and space will not permit the digression. To resume—the heavily laden vehicle, which had been more than ten hours on its journey, drew up, for the west end passengers to alight.

"Here, porter," said the worthy paymaster,

"take these pheasants according to their direction."

"All right, sir," responded the other, "I'll be off with them in less than two minutes."

But the messenger was not true to his promise—porters seldom are; and it was not until half past nine, that a ring at the bell of Lady Anne Graystock's residence announced the arrival of the present. The door was answered by a respectable and venerable looking man out of livery, one Sandy McEwen. This trusty lowlander had, for many years, been employed as a porter in the Bank of England; but having grown grey in the service, was now only called upon to attend for a few hours during the day, and the remaining portion of his time was devoted to the service of the widow of his former patron, Graystock, who in return gave him and Mrs. McEwen lodging and fires. The real scrub of the house was a youth of fourteen years of age, in those days called a tea-boy, but now promoted to the grandiloquent title of page; and certainly John Morris's place was no sinecure, for he cleaned



the plate, knives, forks, candlesticks, and shoes, of his mistress, ran messages, took notes, went for hackney coaches, and acted as footman and boots to the establishment. John was waiting in the street, having just let down the steps of a coach.

“Please my lady,” said Sandy in a strong Glasgow dialect, “the carriage is at the door, and here’s a brace of pheasants just arrived from Chichester barracks with Major Skittowe’s compliments, carriage paid.”

“Please to remember the porter,” muttered the cad from the White Horse Cellar.

“Give the young man a glass of ale, and sixpence,” exclaimed Lady Anne in the generosity of her heart.

The messenger thanked her ladyship; but he would have been less profuse in his acknowledgments had he known the quality of the beverage that was shortly afterwards brought to him by as dirty and ill-favoured a maid of all work as ever waited on mortal. The so-called ale was two watered small beer, the smallest of its class, sour as vinegar, and dull as ditch

water ; and the pride of the high born dame would have been wounded not a little, had she witnessed the hasty and indignant manner in which the Piccadilly cad got rid of the first gulp he had taken, much to the detriment of her ladyship's Indian matting, or had she heard the allusions made, respecting hogs'-wash, swipes, and swankey. In the meantime, Lady Anne, who was considerate enough never to keep the carriage waiting, the charge being so much per hour, had given directions that the major's present should be deposited in the larder to await her ladyship's further orders. And now we are about to digress, in favour of the above mentioned brace of pheasants. "What can they have to do with our story?" asks some impatient reader. "Time will show," respond we.

"Good Sir, (as somebody sublimely sings),  
What great effects arise from little things."

Yes ! the two pheasants brought about an important event in my life, therefore all honour

is due to those plumed birds, nor am I the first to notice them, for Martial thus writes :

“ Argivâ primum sum transportata carinâ :  
Antè mihi notum nil nisi phasis, erat.”

Birds ! whose ancient descent may be traced to some seventy nine years antecedent to the taking of Troy, and who can plume themselves upon having inhabited the banks of the Phasis in Colchis, before the expedition of that bold body of adventurers in search of the Golden Fleece. From the borders of that celebrated river they have spread to the classical land of Greece. From Colchis, Mingrelia, and other countries bordering on the Caspian, they have proceeded westward, from the shores of the Baltic to the Cape of Good Hope, and Island of Madagascar. Eastward they have extended through Media to the most remote part of China, Japan and Tartary. In Africa, they are known on the Slave coast, the country of Issini, kingdom of Congo and Angola. In Europe, too, has the race colonized Spain, Italy, the

islands in the Gulf of Naples, Germany, Silesia, Bohemia, France, and England.

Whether the birds in question could claim descent from those patronized by Atalanta, daughter of Schœneus, who accompanied the Jason expedition in male attire; or to those gastronomic victims who were sacrificed to the whim of the depraved and gormandizing Heliogabalus, as a *bonne bouche* for his pet and pampered lions, I know not; suffice it to say that the Major's pheasants were doomed to play an important part in my autobiography, and their history from the time we left them in Lady Anne Graystock's larder must be recorded.

Upon the morning after their arrival, they were handed over to the care of the tea-boy, to be left with a note at Mesdames Le Roi et Du Pont (anglicé; Mrs. King and Miss Bridge who had frenchified their names) Marchandes des Modes, Regent Street. We will not inflict upon our readers the deliberations of the scheming Lady Anne, in selecting the above, in preference to others of her acquaintances and friends, two reasons swayed her; first

that there was a small account due to the firm ; secondly, that these fashionable milliners were employed by some of the leading singers of the day, who, in return for imitation lace, tinsel, faded artificial flowers, and remnants of silks and satins, presented Mesdames Le Roi and Du Pont with orders for the theatres, and tickets for morning and evening concerts, which occasionally found their way to Lady Anne.

“ How kind of her ladyship,” said Mrs. King, (for we give her native patronymic), “ a brace of beautiful pheasants.”

“ She is *so* liberal,” responded Miss Bridge, “ and what a good customer she introduced us to last season, the Countess of Glencairn, quite the lady, her court dress was the admiration of the whole room.”

“ Sit down Mary, and write and thank her ladyship,” said the matron ; “ perhaps she would like orders for Covent Garden ; you may mention, we shall have some next week.”

The note was despatched, John Morris had received a small gratuity, when the two

milliners in turn began to discuss the question as to whom they should send the present.

The establishment like many other fashionable magazins, was one in which overreaching and cruelty was carried on to an alarming extent. Spitalfields silks were sold as foreign articles, lace, shoes, gloves, perfumery, and flowers were smuggled wholesale from France. While, in regard to cruelty, some fourteen young ladies, were "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in a small ill-ventilated apartment from daylight to midnight, were scantily remunerated, indifferently fed on rusty bacon, shins of beef, ewe mutton and cold pudding, and whose only recreation consisted of a holiday on the Sabbath day ; when the hours that ought to have been devoted to the most sacred and noble purposes, were flittered away in folly, vanity, and idleness.

Was it then to be wondered at, that some of these poor, artless, inexperienced creatures, without home, friends, or relatives, should in too many instances, fall victims to the lures and

snares of wily, unprincipled men, to the ruin of their peace of mind on earth.

Just as the above ladies were commencing an amicable discussion as to where the game should be sent, a carriage drove up to the door.

“I declare it’s the rich Miss Cleggs, the parties Lady Anne recommended,” said Miss Bridge, peeping through the pink and white curtains of the small bay window that looked to the street, and in which an assortment of bonnets, toques, turbans, and artificial flowers were ostentatiously displayed.

“*Angelique*,” exclaimed Mrs. King, “bring down all the latest importations from Paris.”

“*Oui, Madame*,” responded the young Frenchwoman, who presided over the foreign department.

“And Mary, reach down that Paisley shawl, and place it in that Parisian paste-board box.”

The Misses Cleggs were ushered in, and then commenced that system of flattery, wheedling, and puffing, which is universally adopted in such establishments as those we are describing.

"Proud of the honour of waiting upon you," said Madame Le Roi, with the most saccharine smile. "So kind of Lady Anne Graystock to think of us."

"We have just received a large assortment of goods from Paris, and hearing you were going to favour us with a call, we would not allow even our oldest customers to see them before you," continued Mademoiselle Du Pont. "Angelique, show Miss Cleggs the latest Parisian fashions."

We must here inform our readers that the goods in question were the remains of the last spring stock, transferred into deal cases covered with oilskin, to appear neat as imported from the French capital. The boxes were opened, and then commenced such a fire and cross-fire of compliments that quite took the heiresses by storm.

"How very becoming that velvet bonnet is! It quite harmonizes with your *belle chevelure*," said Madame Le Roi, addressing herself to the eldest Miss Cleggs, a young lady of forty, with high cheek bones, and flaming red hair.

“Black blends so well with auburn,” chimed in Mademoiselle Du Pont, as she led her to the looking-glass, to admire as fine a specimen of *rouge et noir* as it was possible to produce.

“*Cette mousseline des Indes est parfaite, Mademoiselle,*” said Angelique, addressing Miss Julia Cleggs, who was a year younger than her elder sister, and still less favoured.

“Oh! that’s perfectly lovely!” exclaimed Mademoiselle Du Pont, “and that elegant shawl, how graceful!”

Robes, toques, scarfs, bonnets, lace, flowers, cloaks, pelerines, gloves, were displayed in turn, amidst a running accompaniment of “*Ravissante! merveilleux! quelle grâce! il est réellement fort joli! Ah! ça va bien à mademoiselle. Charmant!*”

The ladies having concluded their purchases, which were considerable, took their leave, but not before the delighted milliners had pressed them to accept a brace of pheasants, which they had just received from the country.

The Miss Cleggs, having a wealthy uncle in the city, ordered their coachman to drive to

Crosby Square, where the game was left, with the ladies' kindest compliments.

Mr. Josias Cleggs, wishing to keep well with the chief magistrate, immediately despatched the birds to the Mansion House. The Lord and Lady Mayoress were about to give a grand civic banquet and ball, and the pheasants were sent to the larder, the cook, however, having ascertained that they were, from neglect, not quite "a dainty dish to set before a king" of the city, they were transferred to a pie for the ball supper.

During this festive *cœna*, as Mr. Deputy Dobbinson invited his wife to partake of a slice of game pie, the olfactory senses of the said lady were so offended, that she requested the powdered lacquey to take the pie out of the room.

This was immediately done, and the delicacy was deposited in the servants' hall, where it remained until two o'clock, when the domestics sat down to supper.

"That pie, is rather 'igh," drawled out an over-fed footman, decked out in a puce coloured

livery, covered with gold lace. "Jem, you may have it." The man to whom he addressed this, was the sweeper at the crossing, who was constantly employed by the fraternity of the shoulder knot, in going with messages, running for beer, and calling hackney coaches. Jem was all gratitude, and having had a bottle of stout given him, ran off with the prizes to a small oyster stall, where lived his ladye-love.

"Sally," said he, "it's only Jem." The door was opened, for Miss Sarah Sadbrook had remained up to that late hour, being purveyor of shell-fish to the servants at the Mansion House.

"What more oysters, Jem," said the half sleeping beauty. "I'm tired of opening them."

"Oh, no Sally; but I've sitch a pie, and sitch a bottle of stout." The treasures were produced, and down sat the happy pair to enjoy their dainty meal.

"Well, I'm blowed," said Jem, "if ever I tasted such a pie."

"Rather high," said the oyster girl. "Who's there?" a rap was heard at the door.

“It’s Sam Squires.”

“Look out, Sam,” said the sweeper, rising and going towards him, “the beaks are on the scent. Here, old fellow, take the remains of this pie,” the wretched man, who looked half famished took it with avidity.

“Thank you; thank you, Jem,” and away scampered this son of crime to hide himself in the thieves den—St. Giles’s. There he was quickly joined by a partner in guilt, who, proceeding to an uninhabited and almost roofless building, produced a bottle of gin, which, with the remains of the pie, formed their meal.

“It’s all over, Polly,” said the burglar, “Bill Sparks has peached.”

“Don’t be faint-hearted, Sam,” responded the miserable creature. “Take a drop of comfort,” Squires applied the bottle to his mouth, and took a deep draught of the poisonous liquor. “Down, Crib,” said the man, addressing his bull-dog. “Poor fellow,” continued he, “you’ll soon lose your master. Here, see what this is made of, I can’t eat—more drink.”

The woman again supplied the bottle, and the remains of the pie were given to Crib, who, almost starved to death, lost no time in demolishing the contents of it. And here we must pause for a second to mourn over the fate of these pheasants, who in their short career were the victims to fortune. Descended from an ancient and noble ancestry, born and bred in one of the finest coverts in England, was it not humiliating to be bagged by a bâtman, and a cockney Major, to suffer the taunts of an idle rabble, to be laughed at by raw recruits, to witness the parsimony of a high born dame of rank, to see the cajoleries of a London milliner, to be banished to the east, not the glorious sunny East, from whence their race had descended, but to that dark dismal foggy end of the metropolis, to be denounced by the Lord Mayor's cook, as unfit for his dinner table, to be imprisoned in walls of greasy pastry, to be discarded by the servants in the hall, to be rejected by a street-sweeper and his Billingsgate *belle*, to be cast off by a house-breaker, and his gin drinking trull, and finally,

to become the prey of a burglar's half-starved famished bull-dog in a filthy den, the abode of squalor, misery, and vice, in the depraved and disgusting purlieus of St. Giles's. "And what has this to do with the hero of this autobiography?" again exclaims a reader. We will reply.

A few days after the events recorded had taken place, I accompanied the Major to the residence of Lady Anne Graystock. We had not been long with that member of the aristocracy, when her footman, John Morris, made his appearance, and said that a young person from Madame Le Roy's wished to see her ladyship, to thank her ladyship for the pheasants, and speak about some orders.

"Ask her to walk up," interrupted the stately dame, the door was opened, and Mary Winterburn, was ushered in.

## CHAPTER VI.

“We met!”

T. H. BAYLY.

“How fondly we met.”

T. MOORE.

HAD Mary Winterburn been versed in the ways of the world—had she been an artful coquette—had she been a heroine of romance, tinged with high-flown feelings—she would have got up a scene by indulging in a flood of tears, or throwing herself into hysterics, but the young, unsophisticated child of nature gave way to neither. Upon recognizing me, her colour left her cheeks, and shortly afterwards returned with a deeper hue, which spread itself

over his entire face and forehead. With a modest drooping of her head, she approached Lady Anne, and gave her a message on the part of the milliners, the only words of which that were audible, were an expression of many thanks for the pheasants, and an offer of two double box orders for Covent Garden Theatre that evening. Her ladyship was all gratitude ; and, with a patronising air, told the trembling girl to inquire for her maid, who was at tea ; the real motive for this apparent civility being that the shrewd Scotchwoman was anxious to get the pattern of a fashionable promenade cloak, without the expense of paying for it.

As Mary was about to withdraw, I came forward, and, extending my hand, inquired after the health of my former tutor.

“ He is quite well,” she responded, “ when I last heard from him at Naples.”

“ Naples !” I repeated.

“ Yes, he left a month ago with Sir Francis Halifax’s sons.”

The feeling of surprise that came across the mind of the aristocratic dame was re-

moved when she heard my question respecting Mr. Winterburn ; but not wishing to encourage any familiarity between a high-born scion, and the daughter of a poor usher, she rang the bell, and desired the footman to conduct Miss Winterburn to the housekeepers' room, and there for the present we must leave her, busily employed in pinning and cutting up paper, and showing the abigail the last fashionable pattern from Paris. A cup of tasteless bohea, and a few thin slices of bread-and-butter, were the reward for the dressmaker's industry. After a visit, which appeared awfully tedious to me, I took my leave, and then, for the first time, began to turn seriously over in my mind what steps I should take to procure an interview with the object of my first, my only love. While deliberating upon what was best to be done, I was joined by Skittowe, who, to my utter disgust, began to talk of that ' dem fine girl,' who coloured up so confoundedly when she saw us—" a regular case of smite," he added,

“but which is the happy man I know not; she certainly gave me a very encouraging glance, when I met her this morning in Regent Street.”

I could have murdered the lady-killer on the spot, for daring to talk thus lightly of my adored Mary.

“But, by all that’s wonderful, here she comes,” said the Major; “I thought she had left the house before us.”

We had been walking near the iron railings of the square, and, on looking towards the pavement, I recognized the figure of the dressmaker, as she walked with a rapid step, her head bent down, towards Oxford Street.

“Fair play’s a jewel,” continued my companion; “if you really wish to speak to the *modiste*, I’ll not interfere with you. I hate poaching on other people’s preserves, if not, I’ll run her to ground.”

“Surely, you will not think of addressing her?” I replied; “her father was my tutor, my friend and adviser, and Miss Winterburn

is a highly respectable, well-educated young lady, the companion of my mother, and thoroughly exemplary in every respect."

"Oh—ah—of course!" responded the officer, in a provoking tone; "a paragon of propriety—a spotless vestal—and you, her knight-errant, seem ready to break a lance with any one who dares to assail her fair reputation; but don't be alarmed, I will retire from the contest—there, that look will assure you, she expects one of us to follow."

Mary, certainly, had looked round as she wended her way down Holles Street; but, seeing we were still following, increased her pace to such an extent, that my stout friend began to pant, and would have given up the chase, had I not, without committing my motive, encouraged him to continue it. My first object, was to ascertain where Mary Winterburn resided, in order that I might address a few lines to her.

"Well, I am not your father confessor," proceeded Skittowe, "but it's quite clear you do not intend to lose sight of your inamorata;

don't be uneasy, I have a good eye for these love-chases; that provoking cart hides her from your view, but she will open upon you immediately."

Allowing my companion to carry on this train of *bardinage*, we hastened our steps, as the crowded state of Regent Street (which the object of our pursuit had entered) rendered necessary. At length, the timid girl stopped at a private door, which was speedily opened, and as we passed it on the opposite side of the street, saw the names of "Madame Le Roy et Mademoiselle Du Pont, Marchandes des Modes," emblazoned on a large brass plate.

Having gained the object, I took leave of my companion, and wended my way home, determined to lose not a moment in addressing Mary. My first letter, although couched in tender yet respectful language, received a cold reply, a second met with the same return, so I determined with all the energy of a youth in his teens to waylay the young girl, and by a passionate appeal, to remove the barrier of ice that seemed to freeze her very nature.

Hour after hour, did I pass in my fruitless endeavour to obtain an interview, when, as I was about to give up the pursuit, the well-known door opened, and to my great discomfiture, a slatternly female came out, carrying an empty jug, which, as a matter of course, I guessed to be on its way to the public-house in Vigo Lane to be filled ; cutting off the messenger, I gently insinuated half-a-crown into the palm of a dirty, greasy hand, and inquired after the health of Miss Winterburn.

“ Poor girl !” replied the servant-maid, “ she’s been very poorly lately, but it han’t for such persons as me to speak freely to such gentlemen as you, or I’d say it isn’t the body alone as ails, there’s more than meets the eye there.”

“ I am an old friend,” I responded.

“ Well, Sir, I han’t a minute to spare, Missus is waiting for the beer, and if she suspects anything, the cook will be sent after me.”

“ One word more, and I have done,” said I, slipping another half-crown into her hand. “ Does Miss Winterburn ever walk out ?”

“Only to go home at night, and come back in the morning; but as I live, here’s Mrs. Hooper, do pray, Sir, step into the public, and remain till we are gone.”

“And her residence?” before a reply could be given, the professed cook of eight pounds a-year and no perquisites, joined her fellow drudge, the former proceeded,

“Missus has sent me for a bottle of draught sherry, that old scarecrow, Lady Anne, has called, scaly wretch! she never comes to the house without asking for a glass of wine and a biscuit, and sometimes a sandwich, and no one yet has ever seen the colour of Lady Skinflint’s money, as I call her.”

Poor Sarah (so the maid was called), had a great relief taken off her mind, when she found the cook’s errand was not connected with her own movements.

No sooner had the two females departed, than I quitted the snug corner I had ensconced myself in, and having paid for a bottle of soda-water, again found myself at my “look-out station,” more wretched than ever. A gaudy

carriage was drawn up before the milliners, into which after some little time Lady Anne and the owner of it entered; had I possessed the power of an Ariel, to have placed myself invisible in Madame Le Roy's private room, I should have heard a conversation that would have driven me to distraction, and the substance of which was afterwards repeated to me by Mary.

It gave an exaggerated statement of my interview with the young girl, of her blushes, of my embarrassment, and ended by a threat that if Madame Le Roy directly or indirectly encouraged any intercourse between us, her ladyship would withdraw not only her patronage but that of her powerful friends, from the establishment. Her own custom, probably, would have been treated very much as a fashionable West End bootmaker treated the threat of a young Guardsman, who declared he would deal with him no longer. "Shut up the shop, Ensign Fusee of the Coldstreams has withdrawn his custom."

The two milliners, who were not very circumspect in their own conduct, as their weekly

Sunday trips to fish dinners at Greenwich and Blackwall, with gay and reprobate men about town would prove, were very dragons of virtue with the young persons employed under them, so no sooner had Lady Anne taken her two glasses of sherry, some sponge cakes, (no inappropriate name for such a lady's lunch) and her departure, than Mary was sent for, and given so severe a lecture, that the wretched girl, borne down with illness and grief, burst into tears.

“It's no use to deny, Miss Winterburn, that you have been carrying on a correspondence with Mr. Pembroke,” said the acute Mrs. King, “for it was only the day before yesterday I remarked that your third finger was stained with ink.”

“Besides,” proceeded Miss Bridge, “the postman was here twice on Wednesday, and I happening to be on the staircase saw Sarah hide away a letter; the other young ladies deny having had any correspondence, except Miss McClacklan who received a note from her aunt at Chelsea.”

“I do not deny having heard from Mr. Pembroke, my father was his tutor, and I passed many hours at the Abbey when I was in Sussex.”

“My gwacious!” exclaimed Mrs. King.

“Did you ever?” added Miss Bridge.

“Well, the long and the short of it,” continued the former, “is, that henceforward all communication, personal or otherwise, must drop, it would be a scandal to the house if such things were permitted, your father’s absence from England makes it more incumbent upon us to watch over you carefully, had he been here, we should have at once sent you home.”

Truth it must be here remarked, was not one of Mrs. King’s virtues, for as Mr. Winterburn paid a very handsome annual sum to the firm to “finish” his daughter, as a dress-maker, previous to seeking service as a ladies’ maid, the respective heads of it would not like to have been mulcted of this certain addition to their income.

“You may now retire,” said the elder partner, “but stop, in about a fortnight the

room up stairs will be ready, the bed has been fumigated, and there is no chance of catching the scarlet fever—not that I believe it was the scarlet fever Miss Bersted died of, for she was always ailing."

With this consolatory remark, Mary Winterburn left her cruel task-mistress, and retired to a back room on the third floor, where in company with twelve or thirteen white slaves, she worked at her needle until past nine o'clock at night.

In the meantime, I had partaken of an early meal, and as the chimes of St. James's Church struck eight, I took up a position that commanded Mrs. King's house; for more than a hour, I paced up and down, muffled up in a large cloak, and after many false alarms, was rewarded for my perseverance by seeing the object I was looking out for, leaving the hateful residence. To address Mary after dark, in the public streets, would I knew cause her pain, so summoning resolution to my aid, I contented myself by watching her steps, and in a few minutes saw her stop at a small house in

Warwick Street. There was a pause before the servant answered the bell, and I was on the point of breaking down in the determination I had made, and had increased my pace, when the noise of unfastening a chain attracted my attention, and in a second Mary entered her humble lodging, and the door slammed upon her. Watching the light up stairs, it finally rested in the attic, and there I saw the shadow of the poor girl, as she drew down the blind; for a moment she remained at the window, which my vanity led me to believe was to take a last long look at me, whether I was right or wrong in this conclusion time could alone decide, and twelve hours would have to elapse before I could ascertain the point. For more than an hour I walked in the neighbourhood of this small house, considering in my mind whether I should address a note to Miss Winterburn, or waylay and escort her the following morning, when returning to her employers. And what was the unhappy girl about during the time I was so occupied? She had recognized me as she entered the lodging, and her mind

became a chaos of hope and fear. She fully appreciated the delicacy I had displayed, she felt wretched at the thought of my attentions being noticed, and her misery was not a little heightened by the harsh and unfeeling conduct of those she had the misfortune to serve. And whom could she consult in this hour of trial? her father abroad, not a relative whose counsel she could seek. One young lady, in the hateful establishment alone, enjoyed her regard, and she, although kind-hearted, was as giddy as most young girls are in that station of life, with a handsome face and a small independence from her mother. Eliza Mason, (so the young milliner was named) had just entered her eighteenth year, and was about to be married to a linen-draper's assistant; for some days she had noticed Mary's depression of spirits, and seeing her wipe away a tear as she left the august presence of Madame Le Roy, determined to pay her a consolatory visit.

“I am going out for an hour, Madame,” said the good-natured girl, who, as she was about to leave, did not heed a sour look from the *modiste*.

"Oh, certainly, Miss Mason," responded her employer. "I shall not be in bed myself much before twelve. Lady Selina Hartwell's ball will give me ample occupation. Three dresses must be tried on by to-morrow at twelve."

Putting on her bonnet and shawl, and warning the servant-maid not to shut up the house until her return, Eliza Mason, with a light heart, proceeded to Warwick Street, and, gently ringing the bell, was ushered into the presence of her sorrowful companion; and there a scene presented itself which completely damped her natural flow of spirits: The apartment which Miss Winterburn occupied was a small attic, whose slanting roof rendered it low and dark, and the light of which was not much increased by the flicker of a candle that guttered down from the draught of air that forced its way through every cranny in this ricketty house. The walls were covered with a buff dis temper, in many places disfigured by damp; while a faded drugget, which had evidently seen much service, a wooden chair with a crazy leg, a small table, a truckle bed, a cracked ewer

and pitcher, formed the whole of the furniture belonging to the lodging-house keeper, which had been added to by a small writing-table, and a mahogany wash-hand stand, the property of the occupant. As a gentle knock was heard, Mary (whose thoughts ran on another visitor, although she did not think him bold enough to intrude upon her solitude) left the kneeling position she had been in, and ran to the door.

“It’s Eliza Mason,” said the new-comer from without. “Let me in Mary; I wish to say a word or two to you.”

The latter unfastened the bolt; and her friend in need, stood before her.

“I have been thinking,” said Eliza, “that something preys upon your spirits. I do not wish to pry into your affairs; but, if I can be of any use, pray command me.”

Mary remained silent; but her heart beat violently, when the other continued:

“You know, in a few weeks, I am to be married; and Mr. Hodson intends setting up in business for himself. I, too, have been thinking of establishing myself as a dress-maker; and,

if you liked to join me, we should, I have no doubt, in due course of time, get a good connection.

Mary had not words to thank her benefactress for the kindness she had evinced ; but she pressed her hand warmly, and sobbed out expressions of gratitude. After a time, Mary Winterburn summoned up sufficient courage to make a confidante of her friend, withholding only the name of her admirer.

“ Oh ! a love affair !” cried out the merry-hearted girl.

“ Why, I thought you had been left parentless, homeless and penniless—a young man, well to do in the world, and no drawback except the pride of his family—we’ll soon get over that ; and, if the youth is worth having, he won’t allow his relations to mar his happiness ; for among all his aristocratic (that I believe is the word) acquaintances, he’ll never find a prettier or more amiable girl than Mary Winterburn. But,” she continued, “ you omitted to tell me—is he light or dark ? What colour are his eyes ? Is his figure good ? I long to see the swain who, I hope,

has not so lugubrious a face as you put on, or you'll make a most melancholy couple." Rattling on in this strain, Mary soon recovered her wonted spirits ; and, before parting, it was agreed that Miss Mason was to call for her friend early in the morning, and, after "sleeping upon it," talk the affair quietly over. With a lighter heart, Mary retired to rest, and was soon in the land of dreams, the events of the last few days flitting across her mind, now taking a hideous, now a pleasing form ; and she was only awoke from her disturbed slumber, by a voice from the door claiming admittance.

"How kind of you, Eliza, to come so early ; we shall be able to take a stroll in St. James's park before the business hour commences."

"And I have a nice treat for you, Mary. You must know it's my aunt's birthday ; and mother and her are to have a few friends to tea and supper in the Edgware Road. I asked Madame le Roy's permission to take you out after twelve, by which time the dresses she has so ostentatiously talked of for the last fortnight are to be finished. I sat up until past one

o'clock this morning trimming the pink net; and there is little more to do to it. Madame has some idea that I am going to set up in business, and wishes to conciliate me as much as possible. Besides, by allowing us to leave at twelve, she will have two less at dinner; nay, three; for I have invited Miss McLeod to be of the party; and two young men of our acquaintance have got a half holiday, and will be ready to escort us to the Regent Park or Hampstead Heath."

Mary looked pleased, but remained silent, when her companion proceeded.

"Now, if your young man would join us, all would be pleasant, for five is no company; could you not write to him?"

"Oh! not for the world," responded the other, as the toilet having concluded, the friends left the house for a stroll in the fresh air.

"Why, what is the matter, Mary? how you tremble, and how the colour comes and goes from your face—are you ill?"

"No, no," she replied, letting down her veil and walking rapidly on.

Eliza looked round, and saw a youth standing at the corner of the street, showing by his manner that something unusual had taken place.

“Light air, slight figure; why, as I live, that wild-looking young man must be your beau.”

And true it was, for there I stood rivetted to the spot, looking (as the phrase goes) very much like a stuck pig. I go by hearsay, for I never saw one of the porcine tribe in that situation.

“Suppose we beckon him to us,” said the light-hearted girl; but it required no summons; for, before Mary had time to reply, I had crossed the street, and, extending my hand, pressed hers warmly to my heart. I was about to mutter some exclamation, when Miss Mason, with the greatest naïveté, said—

“You may talk before me; I know all that has passed, and will never betray you, indeed, I should find some difficulty in so doing, for our discreet friend has kept me in ignorance of your name.”

Restored to self-possession by this open

manner, I proffered my arm to the young girls, and was delighted to find they had nearly an hour to spare before their presence would be required in Regent Street.

Upon entering the Park, through Spring Garden Passage, Eliza, with much tact and feeling, declared she should breakfast off buns and new milk, at that al fresco dairy and cake house opposite Carlton House stables. "If you will walk on towards Buckingham Palace, I will join you on your return; Mary prefers a walk to such a repast."

Continuing our stroll, I soon unburthened my mind, and hers willingly admitted its readiness to reciprocate, or, as it has been appropriately remarked, 'I led hearts, and she followed suit.' Details of love scenes are, however, dull and tiresome to the reader, I shall, therefore, pass them over, merely remarking that Mary's devotion was as strong, as fervid, as my own.

We were now joined by Miss Mason, and, having heard the proposed scheme for the afternoon and evening amusement, in which I

was invited to participate, I took my leave, but not before making an arrangement to meet the party at twelve o'clock in Portland Place.

"Good morning, Mr. ——but I forgot, you must have a name," said the laughing girl, "despite of Shakspere's remark, of what's in it; it will be difficult for me to present you to my relations. Mary, you must stand sponsor."

"Arthur ——"

I was about to add Pembroke, when she continued—

"Mr. Arthur will do very well; I never wish to pry into other people's affairs, so Arthur let it be; and, knowing no other, I can never be taxed with falsehood. You had better leave us now, for we are approaching Pall Mall."

What occurred at Madame Le Roy's up to midday, I know not, but exactly as the clock of that extraordinary building, Langham Church, with its curious steeple of no known order of architecture, except as the wag said, Mr. Nash's particular order, I found myself at the south end of Portland Place. Upon the opposite side, two young men were waiting; and as

I guessed (and rightly so) that they were the two expectant swains, I will give a slight sketch of their outward appearances. Messieurs Hodson and Sims, as I afterwards found their nomenclatures to be, were dressed in the most exaggerated style of dandyism ; olive brown frock coats, faced and collared with velvet, fancy waistcoats, light drab trousers, gaudy neckcloths, odd-shapen hats, primrose-coloured kid gloves, and French-polished boots. Each carried a bouquet in their hands, which they purchased from as dirty a specimen of an itinerant Flora as could possibly be seen. After a few moments delay, three quietly dressed girls crossed from Regent Street to Langham Place, and were soon welcomed by their attendant knights.

“Oh ! there’s Mr. Arthur,” said the quick-sighted Miss Mason—the young men looked daggers at the bare supposition of an interloper —“Miss Winterburn’s beau,” she continued, in an under tone—“a very gentlemanlike man.”

At this explanation, the countenances of the two lovers set fair, and, the whole party ap-

proaching me, I was in due form presented to Miss McLeod, Mr. Hodson, and Mr. Sims.

“Shall we go to Pwimwose Hill?” drawled out the latter, in a lisping tone, as he drew from his breast-pocket a white cambric handkerchief, redolent of the strongest musk perfume, which scented the air around us.

“It will be just charming,” replied the Scotch lassie.

“I have some orders for the Zoological Gardens,” I modestly remarked, “which will admit, and are at the service of the party.”

“Delightful! delightful!” exclaimed the three Graces, carrying my amendment unanimously by acclamation.

Mr. Sims led the way, and from his conversation, I soon discovered him to be in the employ of Messrs. Block and Curling, hairdressers, of Burlington Arcade, who, according to their advertisements, slaughtered more bears than any Arctic hunter, or even the wonder of our days, Gordon Cumming.

Of the *coiffeur* himself, I will merely remark, that he looked as if he had just been

taken out of the shop window, and bore a strong resemblance to those busts and heads which are so luxuriously adorned with capillary ornaments, to attract the attention of any gentleman requiring a fine head of hair.

Having picked up a few French phrases, which he pronounced in his own vernacular tongue, he interlarded all his conversation with them, and upon every occasion shewed his thorough ignorance of the language, for, during the walk, he told his companion, Miss M'Leod, that the best Parisian shoemakers were Droit and Gauche, whose names she would find in all “French souliers.”

Sims must, however, be excused his Malapropisms, when we hear of a lady in the best society telling her son, when he went to Turkey, that he must do as the Turkies did, and upon being told there was a Charlotte Russe at a nobleman's dinner, enquired of the host whether he imported it himself.

There are in addition to the above, a hundred piquant anecdotes of the difficulties our

countrymen and countrywomen also, have been placed in abroad, by their bad pronunciation, or utter ignorance of the French language; perhaps, however, there is none that will cause a more hearty laugh than a circumstance which occurred only a few weeks ago at Paris.

Two brothers were residing at a fashionable hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, and were both engaged to dine at the Café de Paris. The elder, having completed his toilet, and being desirous of having his fire kept up, descended to the porter's lodge, and addressed that important functionary as follows :

“ *Ne laissez pas sortir mon feu,*” meaning *feu*.

“ *Très bien, Monsieur, très bien,*” responded the man, who immediately proceeded to the younger brother's room, and quietly locked the outer and inner doors; the violent ringing of bells was of such constant occurrence at the hotel, that no notice was taken of the prisoner's attempt to get emancipated. The elder brother, fearing some untoward accident had happened,

returned home as soon as his repast was finished, and in an agitated manner questioned the porter :

*“ Soyez tranquille, Monsieur, calmez vous, calmez vous. Le malade a eu une crise terrible, mais nous l'avons bien soigné ?”*

Hodson was a quiet, dapper little man, timid as a hare, and one who was evidently doomed to be a hen-pecked husband.

After feeding the aquatic birds with bread crumbs, cracking nuts for the monkeys, poking the Polar bears with sticks, patting the bright-eyed gazelles, stirring up the lions with parasols, teasing the parrots, riding the elephant, scaring the Muscovy ducks, driving the hippopotamus into the water, and treating the ladies to Bath buns and ginger beer, we sat down to discuss the best way of passing our time until half past seven o'clock, when we were to attend Mrs. Mason's and her sister, Miss Tucker's, tea party.

Sims suggested the Bwitish Museum, which was seconded by Mr. Hodson, who had been in an awful state of trepidation at the wild beasts,

and evidently preferred seeing them stuffed, to witnessing them in their natural form.

“After so long a walk,” said I, “with more than five hours before us, I think the ladies will require some more substantial refreshment than they have hitherto had, and if they and you gentlemen would give me the pleasure of your company at Blackwall, we could have an early fish dinner, and return in time for the party, the omnibusses pass the New Road every half-hour. What say you, ladies?”

“Really, Mr. Arthur, you are too kind,” responded the spokeswoman, Miss Mason.

“And we could not think of putting you to the whole expense,” chimed in Mr. Hodson.

“We will talk of that another time,” I rejoined. “Upon this occasion you must be my guests.”

“*Bon garçon!*” exclaimed Sims; while the timid linen-draper looked to his ladye-love for advice. Miss Mason, who had, through Mary, been prompted by me, again come forward, and said that they could not pay Mr. Arthur so bad a compliment as to refuse his invitation which,

at some future period, his male guests would have much pleasure in returning."

"Décidément," responded the hair-dresser.

Having reached the New Road, we hailed an omnibus, and were soon on our way to the "Plough" at Blackwall. On arriving there, I ordered a table facing the river, and the best fish and champagne dinner that could be served. During its preparation, we strolled to the West India Docks ; and never was a party more surprised and delighted than the one I accompanied, at beholding the forests of masts and stately ships there assembled. All were perfectly astounded, as they had never seen any vessel save and except a wherry and a coal barge.

"I think dinner will be ready by this time," said I ; " and, upon some other occasion, we must run down here to go over the shipping."

"Well, I own, remarked Mr. Hodson, in a meek tone of voice, "I do feel very peckish ; " the sea air has quite given me an appetite."

"Et moi, aussi," added Mr. Sims ; so, proceeding to the hotel, we found we had just re-

turned in the nick of time ; for, upon seeing us approach, the busy waiter had given orders to "serve No. 4." When the tin covers were removed, and the piscatorial luxuries, displayed in the shape of fried, spitchcocked and stewed eels, perch, flounders, trout in water zuché, salmon cutlets, and curry of skate, the wonder was increased ; and, to adopt the timid linen-draper's remark, no one could believe their senses. The whole appeared like a fairy banquet

"Brown bread and butter, Sir ?" asked the waiter.

"At tea and breakfast, not at dinner," answered Mr. Hodson.

"And what fish can I help you to, Sir ?"

"I've no choice ; but I rather liked the look of the boiled flounders."

Anxious to get rid of the two attendants, I ordered one to borrow me the morning newspaper, and desired the other to bring a bottle of pale sherry ; and, taking advantage of their absence, I gave a few hints respecting a fish dinner, and prepared the party for the white-bait, which was fortunate I did, as I afterwards heard

Mr. Hodson remark, in an under tone, to Miss Mason :

“If I did not know Mr. Arthur to be a gentleman, I should certainly have thought he was playing off tricks on us Londoners, by giving us tittlebats fried in batter.”

The wit, as usual, flowed with the champagne. Eliza Mason had never known her intended so lively ; and Maggie McLeod pronounced her swain to be a “canny chiel.”

What Mary thought of me, it would not become me to say, even if I had been acquainted with her innermost feelings ; but, most assuredly, her eyes beamed with satisfaction, as, on parting, she told me how much she had enjoyed the day. Returning by the same conveyance, we reached Mrs. Mason’s residence in the Edgeware Road, just as the clock struck half-past seven, and were then formally introduced to the lady of the house, and her unmarried sister, whose birthday we were to celebrate. Mrs. Mason was what is termed a motherly woman, her whole feeling being centred in the welfare of her only child. In early life she had been a cook and housekeeper

in a gentleman's family; and, having married the butler, set up business as a coffee-house keeper. At the death of her husband, she and her maiden sister took a small house, two floors of which they let furnished. Miss Tucker, although arrived at a certain (would not an uncertain period of life be more appropriate?) had none of the asperity usually attributed to old maids, and was a hearty, good-natured spinster of five-and-forty. She was not ashamed of owning to her age, or keeping her birthday, and once a year opened her purse-strings to do the thing, as she termed it, genteel and liberal. The house, which was a corner one, had formerly been a shop, and, independent of two tolerably-sized parlours, possessed another, which had been built for a show-room, and which, except on state occasions, was never used. Upon reaching Mrs. Mason's we found no one, except Mr. and Mrs. Stubs, and Misses Jane and Elizabeth Middleton, the first and second floor occupants. Mr. Stubs was a clerk in the Post Office, his wife a professional singer in the chorus, that useful, but not sufficiently appreciated operatic line. The

two Miss Middletons were apprentices to a fashionable straw bonnet maker, at the West End of London, and, although not strictly pretty, possessed a manner so charming, that they won the hearts of all who could value the innate graces of the mind. It was evident from their conversation, that they had seen better days ; and such proved to be the fact, as they were the orphan children of a captain in the navy, who having married for love, had, with the reckless extravagance of his profession, all spent the prize-money he had earned by his valour.

The room into which we were ushered the front parlour, was neatly and comfortably arranged ; a cozy circular table in the centre, and a temporary one against the side, were laid for tea, not such a repast as the fashionable world are accustomed to, but a downright substantial meal, consisting of pound cakes, fancy bread, dry and buttered toast, muffins and crumpets, bread and butter, marmalade and jam. After indulging in many cups of that beverage which “cheers, yet not inebriates,” we retired to the

usually unoccupied room, which was on this occasion arranged for dancing, and there, through the kindness of the two Miss Middletons, who took it in turn to play waltzes and quadrilles, we kept up the ball until ten o'clock, when supper was announced, and there again was the good taste and liberality of the hostess and her sister displayed ; cold beef, chickens, hams, tongues, jellies, creams, cakes, graced the board, or as the fashionable organs term it, "the tables literally groaned under the delicacies of the season," champagne, sherry, port, and punch were to be had in profusion, and a merrier party never sat down to a more joyous entertainment.

Mary, who, without devoting herself exclusively to me, had been my partner in more than one dance, was delighted with the whole scene, and her happiness would have been unalloyed, had she not felt that she was the cause of my being in a society far beneath that which I had been accustomed to move in, and, moreover, she had subjected herself to the flippant remarks of many, who, in her hearing, had declared "how

dreadfully spoony Mr. Arthur was on Miss Winterburn," and that there was but little doubt but that "it would be a match."

It was near midnight before we parted, and having escorted Miss Mason and her young friends to their respective homes, I wished them all good night, and returned to my hotel more in love than ever.

## CHAPTER VII.

“Forward to the bridal dinner.”

SHAKSPEARE.

AFFAIRS went on very satisfactorily for some time, both Madame Le Roy and Mademoiselle Du Pont were more kind and considerate to Mary, than they had previously been, and did their best to remove the unfavourable impression their lecture had left upon the mind of the young girl. The cause of this sudden change could be traced to the same motive that influenced the milliners in their treatment of Miss Mason, namely, the fear of a powerful opposition in business; for it had already been

rumoured, that upon marriage, she would establish a *magazin des modes* of her own.

Great then was the surprise of Miss Winterburn, when her employer informed her, that as there might be some lurking contagion in the unoccupied bed-room, she had consented to Miss Mason's proposition of allowing her to sleep at her mother's in the Edgware Road. How this arrangement was brought about in the first instance, will readily be discovered by the intelligent reader, who will probably give me the credit of having a hand in it, and such was the case, for no sooner had I heard that the health of my charmer was about to be risked by occupying the same room, in which a wretched creature had fallen a victim to a virulent disease, than I urged Eliza Mason to allow Mary to take possession of the apartment on the ground floor, the scene of our joyous merriment; some furniture which I hired from a neighbouring upholsterer's rendered the dormitory very comfortable, albeit, up to this day, Miss Winterburn was never made aware

of the part I had taken upon the occasion referred to.

Throughout the whole acquaintance with the unsophisticated girl, my object was never to let her think she was under any obligation to me, and happily I succeeded in thus satisfying her mind upon so delicate a point.

The event to which I have alluded in the last chapter, was about to come off ; the banns between Theophilus Hodson, bachelor, and Eliza Mason, spinster, had been called for the last time, and the wedding was to take place in the parish church on the following Thursday ; the betrothed had taken leave of Madame Le Roy and her coadjutrix, Hodson had quitted the service of Holland and Inkle, linen drapers, a breakfast, (as it is called in fashionable circles) but on the present occasion, an early dinner was ordered at the Star and Garter, Kew Bridge, and an open carriage to convey four inside and two out was engaged.

Upon the first announcement of Miss Mason's marriage, I had extracted a promise from her, and the timid affianced, that I was to give the

marriage feast, and that Mary and Miss M'Leod were to act as bridesmaids. How to present her and her attendant nymphs with suitable dresses, required some management, and I finally accomplished it, by giving Mrs. Mason a piece of French silk for each, on the understanding that she would have it made up, and offer the dresses as her present. The morning arrived, and at an early hour, a walking procession was formed to proceed to the church, there the ceremony was duly performed, despite of some little drawback, caused by the nervousness of Mr. Theophilus Hodson, who had mislaid the wedding ring, and could not find his white kid gloves when called to leave the vestry for the holy table. The carriage being at the door, the happy couple, attended by their two bridesmaids entered it, Sims (most elaborately got up), and myself taking our seats on the box; a crowd had assembled at the door waiting the arrival of a fashionable pair, who were that morning to be united by special license, and we should have remained unnoticed, had not the hair-dresser's costume attracted the attention of

a butcher's boy, who cried out in a loud yet comical tone, "my eyes! who ever saw a sheep's head more highly garnished?" this sally was catching, for an attorney's clerk who happened to be passing, ejaculated "and those long shanks in the wrinkled boots, why the gentleman must at least be Hoby, the Prince of all the Hessians!" although this remark was not understood by the majority, like many other good sayings, equally obscure, it caused a shout. "D'ye call them legs?" asked an Irish "cad," "faid and sure, they'd do well for shrimp catching, they'd cut so nicely through the water."

Great then was my disgust when the hair dresser instead of attempting to skrink from public gaze, made himself more conspicuous than ever, by taking off his would-be fashionable hat, and running his fingers through his greasy curly locks. At last, losing all patience, I spoke rather hastily, and made my companion sit down, a reproof he never forgave.

"Make the best of your way to Kew Bridge," an order that was immediately attended to.

How astonishing it is how all men (and women too), run after one mode of dress, so long as it is patronized by the bon ton; nothing can be a greater proof of insanity, than to see tall, short, stout, thin, light haired, dark haired, bald, florid, and swarthy persons of both sexes, follow to a pin's breadth, the length of a gown, the shape of a coat, the form of a pelisse, the cut of a trowser, the size of a bonnet, the cock of a hat, the style of a head-dress:—thus, you see a tall woman with petticoats above her ancles, and a diminutive one showing an ill-shaped foot, because long dresses are out of fashion; when the fickle goddess, however, changes the length, the streets are swept by silks and satins—a man, too, with a protuberant stomach, high shoulders, short neck, and bandy legs, turns out as Sims did on the occasion I refer to, in tight leather pantaloons, Hessian boots, and a close fitting coat, a blonde with auburn hair appears in a Grecian head-dress, and a Roman *contour* is completely transformed by curls and ringlets.

It has already been shewn, that my com-

panion, the wig-maker, delighted in following the fashion, not alone in dress, but in conversation, manner, looks, speaking, bowing, and talking. For some time, he had traded on importations of foreign phrases, but a new light had come across him, and having met a westward dandy at an ordinary at Rochester races, he soon adopted his phraseology—"immense" was the word which he applied upon every occasion, so as he sat by my side, "the day was immensely fine," "the horses immensely good," and "Miss M'Leod's dress immensely becoming."

After an "immensely dusty drive" we reached our destination, and having ordered dinner at five o'clock, proceeded to Kew Gardens, there, in despite of the printed regulations, that no persons should be admitted with baskets, or parcels, Mrs. Hodson managed to secrete some sandwiches and cakes in her, and the bridesmaids' reticules, the timid Benedict carrying two pints of sherry in his great coat pockets. Selecting a quiet spot under the shade of an umbrageous oak, we enjoyed our open air repast, and were pledging the health of the happy

couple, when a gate-keeper in the Royal Lincoln Green livery approached us, as fast as his gouty supporters would enable him to do.

“We had better walk on,” said Mrs. Hodson.

“I hope we shall not be taken into custody,” responded her timid partner, “for breaking through the regulations.

“To avoid so dreadful a calamity on your wedding-day,” I remarked “we ought to make the best of our way to the other end of the garden, that hobbling Cerberus will never overtake us.”

Rising from our recumbent positions, we were hurrying on, when a titter from Miss M’Leod, and an exclamation from her admirer, attracted our attention and arrested our steps.

“It’s immensely unkind of you all leaving me,” said Mr. Sims, in a most pathetic strain, “and to laugh at my misfortunes is *tout-à-fait mauvais goût*.”

“Gout, gout,” echoed Hodson, (for the word had been uttered with an English accent) “if you don’t get up, old gouty will catch you after all.”

But to tell the prostrate wig-maker to get up was one thing, to accomplish it another, for so tight were the buckskins and the Hessian boots, that it required some little assistance to raise the hair-dresser to the perpendicular, and which was only brought about just as the green dragon of the Royal property had approached within a few yards.

“No baskets of provisions allowed in these gardens,” cried the bloated guardian, “it’s strange, people can’t do anything without eating and drinking.”

“You do not seem to practise what you preach,” replied Sims, who had been raised on his legs, through the united efforts of Hobson and myself, “and it’s immensely provoking to be disturbed at one’s meals, by every Jack in office.”

We will not repeat the reply, as it would probably shock the ears of our readers ; so acting upon the hint, we left the wrathy intruder to his own meditations, and carefully avoided him during the rest of our walk. The dinner went off very well, and it was not until a late hour

at night, that we took leave of the newly married couple, who were to pass their "treacle week" at the Star and Garter. Nothing occurred during our drive home worth recording, save and except a slight "tiff" between Sims and his devoted, for having laughed at him when in a state of prostration. Mary did her best to mediate between the contending parties, and finally succeeded; this little lovers' quarrel diverted me from my own thoughts, which had been gloomy during the whole day, for I could not help remarking that the object of my devotion had been dull and serious from the moment we had met in the morning, until the hour of our leaving Kew.

"What is the matter?" I peevishly asked, as the carriage drove up to Mrs. Mason's house; a flood of tears was the only response, and before I could continue the enquiry, and apologize for my pettishness, the door was opened, and the words "good night" uttered in a melancholy tone.

"I'm immensely obliged for the treat,"

said Sims, in his usual pleasant manner. "I never passed a more delightful day."

"Happy, happy hair-dresser!" thought I, "he has made up his little difference in the way lovers usually make up theirs, but for myself, I am the most wretched being in existence, and come what come may, I will prove Mary's feelings to the quick." With this resolution I returned home, and my sleep was disturbed by the most dreadful dreams, the marriage ceremony had scarcely commenced in my vision, when the roof fell in, and the shrieks of the congregation ran through my ears, Kew Gardens then flitted before me, and I felt the strong hand of a green demon throttling me, when an overflow of a rushing torrent carried us away together, Mary Winterburn then stood before me clothed in a funeral garment, melodious voices chaunted a dirge, the dead march in Saul was heard, I uttered a cry, and starting up, a human voice exclaimed.

"It's past nine, Sir, and I've brought your hot water."

"What can have happened?" I exclaimed,

when, collecting my senses, I remembered I had been unsentimental enough to sup off toasted cheese and a crab.

It was arranged, that upon the return of Mr. and Mrs. Hodson, from their wedding trip, which included a visit to that cockney's paradise, Margate, the latter was to open an establishment for millinery in Conduit Street, the first floor of the house being devoted to that purpose, while the shop was to be stocked with every article appertaining to a hosier's business, over which Mr. Hodson was to preside. Mary Winterburn was still to occupy a room at Mrs. Mason's, giving up her entire days to assist her friend in the new undertaking; the recently married couple being wise enough to live by themselves, a plan we venture strongly to recommend to all placed in the same situation, as next to "my wife's mother," there is nothing more likely to sow the seeds of discord than "a young friend," especially if she be gifted with a pretty face.

Upon the principle of having her "money's worth," no sooner had Miss Winterburn given

her hard task-mistress notice that she was about to leave, than she gave her needle-work to do from morn till night, and upon my calling in the Edgware Road, at the usual hour, the day after the visit to Kew Gardens, I found the bird had flown, and that a message was left for me, saying it was doubtful at what hour Miss Winterburn would return. Anxious to ascertain some tidings of the absent fair one, I sent my card into Mrs. Mason, who requested I might be shewn into her parlour, where she received me most kindly. This kind-hearted creature made it a rule, (would that it were universally adopted) never to pry into any body's affairs, and whatever conclusion she might draw from my constant visits and attention to her daughter's friend, she never once even hinted at it. In reply to my enquiries, Mrs. Mason told me that she feared that Mary was not very well in mind or body, and that a letter which had arrived in the morning, had caused her much grief.

“The housemaid told me it was a letter from abroad, and was about to make some remarks she had over-heard, when I checked her,” said

Mrs. Mason, "and as Miss Winterburn left a few moments after, I am unable to give an opinion upon the subject."

"A letter from abroad," I repeated, "it must be from her father."

"Perhaps, Mr. Arthur," continued the hostess, "you will call in after church on Sunday, Miss Winterburn usually returns from Quebec Chapel about one o'clock."

To this proposition I gladly assented, and on the following Sabbath presented myself at the appointed time, and was ushered into the drawing-room, the occupier of it being absent for the day, there I found Mary alone, and bathed in tears ; at sight of me, they flowed anew.

"Read Arthur, I mean Mr. Pembroke," said she, holding out a letter to me, "read here my faults, and the tenderness of the kindest of fathers."

I shook her warmly by the hand without saying a word, when the following lines riveted my attention.

"Why, my dearest Mary, after the most express orders on my part did you receive and

renew your acquaintance with Mr. Pembroke ? I do not blame you, indeed, so much as him, as ignorance of the world may prove your excuse ; but he ought to have known better than to carry on a clandestine correspondence with one, although superior in many of the best qualities of human nature, yet far beneath him in rank and station. Can you believe for an instant that a young man of his position means to act honourably by you. If he ~~vows~~ love and marriage, will he keep his oath ? and if he did, would you, by allying yourself to a scion of a proud and noble house add to your happiness ? Why then should he trifle with your affections, and wither a heart pure as a thought of Heaven ? Mary, I do not reproach you, the sentiment you feel is in nature, but it is your encouragement of such a man that, under the circumstances I have alluded to, I condemn. By the affection I bear you, by the solicitude I take in your happiness, let me urge you to listen to the voice of reason, consider the peril you have exposed yourself to, and avoid it for the future.

“Your most affectionate father,

“STEPHEN WINTERBURN.”

“And can you for a moment doubt my love, my constancy?” I exclaimed, passionately, “you who are the sole object of my idolatry.”

“Listen to me, Arthur,” said the blushing girl calmly, “that my heart is, and has long been yours, cannot be denied; but my affection for a father, my duty towards a parent, who has toiled for my welfare, and who adores me as child never yet was adored, tells me I am acting a base, ungenerous part towards one who would rather see his offspring in the grave than live dishonoured.”

I tried to assure her that my intentions were such that Mr. Winterburn could not oppose.

“Arthur,” she continued, interrupting me, “you are young, as yet you have not mixed much in female society, were I your equal in birth and station, I should hesitate before I accepted an offer flattering as it might be, until your affection had undergone the test of time—had circumstances, however, placed me in another sphere of life, and you had remained constant, my whole life would have been devoted to you.”

“Believe me, Mary,” I attempted to say, when she continued,

“A poor penniless girl, with a neglected education, and relations your family would never tolerate, is no fitting match for you, think me not unkind, Arthur, but we must meet no more.”

“Mary, I conjure you,” I replied, fervently, “withdraw that cruel expression. I will write to your father, gain his consent, and make you mine.”

“Never,” replied Mary, in a low sepulchral tone, “there is but one path open for me, to restore myself to my own peace of mind, and a father’s blessing.”

“Promise me, Mary, that you will see me once more. Drive me not to distraction.”

“Arthur,” she continued, “leave me at present, think over all I have said, time will work a change in your feelings ; God in Heaven bless you—a weight is off my mind—and now, my father, I can again clasp you to my arms—” the girl fell senseless on the floor.

To ring for Mrs. Mason, to apply restoratives

was the work of a few seconds, and in due course of time, Mary recovered from her fainting fit; but it was evident that her constitution had received a severe shock.

“Miss Winterburn appears to be a little over-excited,” said the good-hearted hostess, “a few hours’ rest may prove beneficial, shall I lead her to her own apartment?”

“Pray do,” I responded, “and if she does not get better, send for Doctor Robertson. I will myself call to enquire in about three hours.”

Taking leave of Mrs. Mason, I quitted the house, and wended my way towards Kilburn, where I wandered in the byways, reviewing all that had occurred within the last fortnight, and so engrossed was I with my own thoughts, that I had not noticed the rapid flight of time, which was alone recalled to me by hearing the bells of the neighbouring church ring for afternoon service.

Making the best of my way over fields, which, since that period, have been converted into squares, streets, and crescents. I reached Mrs.

Mason's just as a carriage drove off from the door; the jaded horses, the worn-out coachman enveloped in a large box-coat, the sleepy footman resting on the leather-cushioned board against the standards, and the rattling of the vehicle, showed me that it was the medical man's job turn out.

"It is as I feared," I exclaimed, ringing gently at the door, "Mary is ill."

The bell was soon afterwards answered by Miss M'Leod, who had called opportunely to enquire after her friend's health.

"I grieve to say, Mr. Arthur," exclaimed the young girl, as she led me into the parlour "that Mary is far from well, Doctor Robertson has seen her, and pronounces her to be attacked with scarlet fever, he has prescribed for her, and knowing your anxiety, I have prevailed upon him to call again to-night."

"A thousand thanks for anticipating my wishes," I replied "but I trust there is nothing serious."

"The symptoms are favourable at present," she responded "but any illness upon an over wrought brain must cause anxiety, and it is

quite apparent from all I have seen and heard, that Mary is suffering from mental as well as bodily ailments."

"Let me hasten to procure her a nurse," said I, "it will be too much to tax Mrs. Mason's kindness."

"I have provided one already," she replied, "that is—I mean—during Mary's illness, I will not leave her side, she once gave me a proof of her affection, which to my latest day I shall never forget."

"Oh, I remember, you are indebted to her for your reconciliation to Mr. Sims."

"Yes, but that is not the obligation I allude to, it was of much more vital importance, when my poor mother was seized with that fever, which terminated fatally, Mary never quitted her bed of sickness, she administered temporal as well as spiritual comfort, she watched her for days and nights, and out of her own savings assisted me in paying the last act of respect to a revered parent, had it not been for her, a pauper funeral, and myself in the workhouse would have been the result."

“ Mary ! noble, patient, suffering, toiling, enduring being !” I exclaimed, “ language cannot express what I feel towards you.”

It was then arranged that I should call about ten o’clock, the hour the doctor was expected ; and upon keeping my appointment, the green chariot was at the door ; a few hours’ sleep had refreshed the patient, and she was going on as favourably as could be expected. After hearing this most satisfactory bulletin, I sought Mrs. Mason, and extracted a promise from her, that she would procure Miss Winterburn every comfort money could confer, I also remitted the amount of the fees for two visits, but found that the worthy practitioner had declined receiving the second, intimating, that under the circumstances of the case, he considered one, ample remuneration.

For days, nay weeks, Mary was confined to her room, sometimes rallying, occasionally relapsing, but thanks to unremitting attention, and a good constitution, on the third week she was sufficiently recovered to be moved from her sleeping chamber, into the parlour ; there I was admitted to her presence, and was shocked to

see the ravages disease had made upon her; fearful of touching a chord, that might vibrate through her frame, now weak from confinement, I confined my conversation to the topics of the day, and carefully avoided any allusion to the past, Mary saw this, and was pleased with the delicacy which prompted me not to revert to a subject of such painful interest.

The medical man having given strict injunctions that his patient should be kept perfectly tranquil, I was reminded that it was time for me to take my departure, which I accordingly did, and proceeded to the residence of the newly married couple, who had only just returned to London from Margate. During their absence, through the agency of a brother and sister-in-law, the premises had been painted and decorated, and the name of Hodson appeared over a double fronted shop, in the windows of which were displayed gloves, braces, neckcloths, silk handkerchiefs, coloured and plain shirts. In the drawing-rooms, to which I was ushered, were cases containing millinery from Paris, lace from Brussels, and Valenciennes of the

most exquisite design and workmanship, artificial flowers vying with nature, and far less transient ; cloaks, mantles, bonnets, caps, velvets, silks, satins, gloves, perfumery, were tastefully arranged about the apartment, and a small boudoir beautifully fitted up, was kept sacred for ladies in search of a bridal trousseau ; here may we be permitted to borrow a few lines from a talented evening newspaper, which in describing Jay's celebrated Regent Street Sponsalia, "a term redolent of the classics, and bringing us in communion with Cicero," proceeds—

" While thus admiring, it would seem we were unwittingly approaching the precincts of hallowed ground, from the stolen glance we contrived to get of the entrance into this domain, proscribed to all but the fair and devoted exclusively to supply the requirements of ladies about to enter the marriage state. The greatest confusion appeared to prevail ; cases from Lyons and Paris, and boxes from Honiton, were each and all being emptied and arranged, as though the whole world was here about to make an universal offering to the Altar of

Hymen." The above notice will give the reader some idea of Mrs. Hodson's new millinery rooms. The presiding lady, after welcoming me most cordially, and enquiring after Mary's health, did the honours of the new establishment, by showing me all over the house, the two first floors have been already described, the second was divided into a bed, dressing, and drawing-room, while the upper stories were devoted to the work-women. Behind the back shop was a small snug room, in which the Hodsons received their intimate friends, and took their meals.

" You must stop and have supper with us, Mr. Arthur," said the timid hosier, " Eliza is a capital house-keeper, and I never knew how to enjoy myself until I became a married man."

Mrs. Hodson coloured up slightly, and seeing I was searching for my hat, added,

" You really cannot go without judging for yourself, whether I deserve the good character my better half has given me, Susan bring in the tray."

After so hospitable an invitation, I could not

refuse, and the trio sat down to as nice a coena, as was ever enjoyed by ancients or modern epicureans. There was no display, no extravagance, for Mrs. Hodson, who had previous to her marriage studied house-keeping during her leisure hours at her mother's, knew that the quality more than the quantity of the food ought to be looked to, and not being too fine a dame to superintend her culinary artist, had fully merited the eulogiums she had received from her husband. It would be well, were all heads of households to take a hint from the lady in question, and instead of loading their tables with a great variety of dishes, confine themselves to a nice light judiciously selected meal, such an one as I partook of upon the occasion referred to, when a boiled sole, a roast chicken, and a little pastry, formed all that was served.

“ You must bring Mary here, the first day she is able to go out,” said Mrs. Hodson, “ to assist me in getting things in order, of course until she quite recovers her strength, I would not allow her to do any work.”

I promised to convey her message, without alluding in the slightest degree to the determination Miss Winterburn had come to before her illness, and which I still fondly hoped I could overcome. It was many days before the invalid was sufficiently recovered to leave her room, and fearful of a relapse, I avoided all conversation calculated to cause her any excitement; fearful, however, that my silence might be misinterpreted, I made up my mind to make confidantes of Mrs. Hodson and Miss M'Leod.

While hesitating as to the danger that might accrue by entrusting the state of my feelings to her two female friends, I came to the conclusion that Mary herself would probably seek the counsel of one, and not knowing upon whom the selection would fall, wished to ingratiate myself into both their favours. In thanking the kind-hearted Scotch girl for her attention, I unburthened my heart, and urged her, if ever the subject was mooted, to say that I only waited for Miss Winterburn's sanction to address her father, this I repeated to Mrs. Hodson, and received their mutual promises to fulfil my

refuse, and the trio sat down to as nice a *coena*, as was ever enjoyed by ancients or modern epicureans. There was no display, no extravagance, for Mrs. Hodson, who had previous to her marriage studied house-keeping during her leisure hours at her mother's, knew that the quality more than the quantity of the food ought to be looked to, and not being too fine a dame to superintend her culinary artist, had fully merited the eulogiums she had received from her husband. It would be well, were all heads of households to take a hint from the lady in question, and instead of loading their tables with a great variety of dishes, confine themselves to a nice light judiciously selected meal, such an one as I partook of upon the occasion referred to, when a boiled sole, a roast chicken, and a little pastry, formed all that was served.

“ You must bring Mary here, the first day she is able to go out,” said Mrs. Hodson, “ to assist me in getting things in order, of course until she quite recovers her strength, I would not allow her to do any work.”

I promised to convey her message, without alluding in the slightest degree to the determination Miss Winterburn had come to before her illness, and which I still fondly hoped I could overcome. It was many days before the invalid was sufficiently recovered to leave her room, and fearful of a relapse, I avoided all conversation calculated to cause her any excitement; fearful, however, that my silence might be misinterpreted, I made up my mind to make confidantes of Mrs. Hodson and Miss M'Leod.

While hesitating as to the danger that might accrue by entrusting the state of my feelings to her two female friends, I came to the conclusion that Mary herself would probably seek the counsel of one, and not knowing upon whom the selection would fall, wished to ingratiate myself into both their favours. In thanking the kind-hearted Scotch girl for her attention, I unburthened my heart, and urged her, if ever the subject was mooted, to say that I only waited for Miss Winterburn's sanction to address her father, this I repeated to Mrs. Hodson, and received their mutual promises to fulfil my

wishes. "My bosom's lord sat lightly on my breast," when upon the next morning, I entered Mary's apartment, and found her in conversation with the bride.

"How strange, Mr. Arthur," said her face beaming with smiles, "talking of you, did not your mother forgot, I must see mother. for a cabinet-pudding. Mr. Hodson, is so fond to look, the wife left the for the first time ill, alone with M are a hundred w and each can... studies how neatly turn a proposition a church, have a and a volume on

my ~~an~~ security (from their crowded ~~books~~, ~~names~~ of those about to be ~~Married~~ ~~create~~ any notice, but to take ~~books~~, even for a short period in such ~~books~~ more than I felt disposed to ~~books~~ proceeding to Woolwich, I found ~~books~~ sought for, a mumbling clegyman, ~~books~~ was almost unintelligible, and a ~~books~~ age near the Common.

the following Sunday, Mary and myself ~~books~~ party to Woolwich; it being arranged ~~books~~ were to go early, and be joined in the ~~books~~ noon by the same friends that had attended ~~books~~ Hodson's marriage. At an early hour, I ~~books~~ ve up to the Edgeware Road in one of ~~books~~ Tilbury's neatest vehicles, and accompanied by ~~books~~ affianced, drove quietly down to the place ~~books~~ selected for our nuptials. Having put up the ~~books~~ carriage that takes its name from the spirited ~~books~~ inventor, we walked to the old parish church, and ~~books~~ heard the curate read the names of ~~books~~ seven bachelors, and an equal number of ~~books~~ maidens, for the first, second, and third times ~~books~~ ringing; to make out the respective nomen-

mind the golden rule to regulate matrimony, nay, I remember his very words, 'a good wife must ever be mindful of the solemn contract she has entered into before her Maker, must be strictly and conscientiously virtuous in thought, word, and deed, constant and faithful, chaste, pure, and unblemished, humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive by choice, obedient by inclination, ever ready to oblige her husband, to relieve his cares, soften his distress, or alleviate his afflictions, conscious that every thing that tends to promote his happiness, must in the end, contribute to her own.' Such was my father's precept, such my mother's practice, may her daughter emulate her bright example!"

I pressed the impassioned girl to my heart, and imprinted the first kiss of love on her flushed cheeks.

It was now arranged that I should take a lodgings in some out of the way part of London, where the banns of marriage were to be published, and I was to be married in the east end.

W

tolerable good security (from their crowded state) that the names of those about to be called would not create any notice, but to take up my residence, even for a short period in such localities, was more than I felt disposed to undertake, so proceeding to Woolwich, I found what I sought for, a mumbling clegyman, whose voice was almost unintelligible, and a snug cottage near the Common.

Upon the following Sunday, Mary and myself made a party to Woolwich; it being arranged that we were to go early, and be joined in the afternoon by the same friends that had attended **Mrs. Hodson's** marriage. At an early hour, I drove up to the Edgware Road in one of Tilbury's neatest vehicles, and accompanied by my affianced, drove quietly down to the place selected for our nuptials. Having put up the carriage that takes its name from the spirited inventor, we walked to the old parish church, and the curate read the names of the parties, and an equal number of the first, second, and third times went out the respective nomen-

clatures would have required better ears than I possessed, as in addition to the indistinct tone of voice of the reverend gentleman, a considerable number of catarrhs had evidently been caught during the east wind, which had recently prevailed, as was apparent from the different shades of noise from the slight clearing of the voice, and hem! to the low but fatal church-yard cough.

At two o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Hodson, Sims and the kind-hearted Scotch lassie, landed from the steam-boat, and as the hair-dresser remarked—we enjoyed ourselves "immensely;" devouring shrimps and bottled stout for lunch, and partaking of a very comfortable dinner, at tavern facing the river. Sims' principal amusement was to watch the boys scrambling for halfpence in the mud, under the windows, a piece of refinement now put an end to by the interference of the police.

Mary's joyous state was evident to all; it was so strong a contrast to her usual reserved and melancholy manner, that it caused Miss M'Leod's admirer to remark, "Miss Winterburn was

evidently very much épris, and that another wedding dinner would be 'immense' fun."

Time passed on, the three weeks had expired, and upon a dull drizzling morning, but to me, a truly bright and sunny one, Mary, in a simple dress, and plain straw bonnet, accompanied by myself enveloped in a great coat, and the landlord and landlady of Charlton Cottage, stood before the Holy Communion table, to plight our faith in the fervent language of the Protestant Church, and the rites being solemnized, we proceeded to Gravesend, where we had agreed to pass the first week of our honeymoon.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“ Where is thy master ? Is he well ? ”

“ No, he’s in Tartar limbo,  
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,  
One, whose hard heart is button’d up with steel ;  
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough ;  
A wolf, nay, worse a fellow all in buff ;  
A back friend, a shoulder clapper, one that coun-  
termands,  
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands ;  
A hound, that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot  
well ; ”

“ Why man, what is the matter ? ”

“ I do not know the matter ; he is rested on the case.”

“ What, is he arrested ? Tell me at whose suit ? ”

SHAKSPEARE.

IT was the saying of Seneca, “ that a good man struggling with misfortunes, is a sight worthy the Gods to behold,” for, indeed, true

greatness and magnanimity of soul consist in weathering the misfortunes of life like a man, and not meanly withdrawing from them like a coward, such was the case with my old tutor, who for some time, has been lost sight of by the reader. Winterburn's funds had been for many years in a declining state, the expense attending the education of his daughter, and her instruction in business had seriously impoverished his means, and when I left the Abbey, on my Portsmouth excursion, the worthy Dominie was in treaty for a small loan of money from one Joel Wilesby, who advertized to assist noblemen, clergymen, and gentlemen, in temporary difficulties ; the result may readily be divined, Mr. Winterburn gave bills to the amount of five hundred pounds, for which he received two hundred and fifty in cash, a box of cigars, and a landscape after Claude, both of which latter articles had been manufactured in the New Cut, Lambeth.

No sooner had he freed himself from one difficulty, than another of more serious consequence sprang up, and that was the receipt of

an anonymous letter, informing him that I was carrying on a clandestine love affair with his daughter ; it was then that a chord was struck, which jarred his whole frame, and he at once determined to write, and immediately afterwards, proceed to London, to warn and counsel his beloved child against so imprudent a step.

The interview was touching upon both parts. Winterburn referred to the sad bereavement he had met with, in the premature death of a beloved wife. He pointed out the wiles and wickedness of the world, without, in the slightest degree, implicating me in his censure ; he feelingly hinted at the sacrifices he had made to bring up his offspring in the path of Heavenly wisdom and virtue. He told her how for nights and days he had toiled with his brain to procure the means of providing for her. He pictured his despair at being told by a publisher to whom he entrusted his various works, that the literary market was glutted, and that none but authors of well-known fame could command a remunerating price for their labours, and finally urged her, by the veneration she felt for her mother's memory, by the

love she bore him, by the respect she owed to herself, to give up an intercourse which would ruin her prospects in life, and render abortive all attempts of his to make her happy and independent. Mary, feeling that she possessed sufficient courage and command over the dictates of the heart, promised implicit obedience to her father's wishes, conveyed in so tender and delicate a manner. How she wavered in those resolutions, the reader is already aware of; and how she finally broke down has been made apparent. Satisfied then with the explanation and assurances which his daughter had made him, Winterburn accepted an engagement as tutor to a family about to leave England for France and Italy, but not before he had placed Mary under the especial care of Madame le Roy, in whose establishment she had obtained a situation, through the interest of my mother, who had observed with pain the attachment that was growing up between the young girl and myself at the Abbey. No sooner had my former tutor left the country, than Mr. Joel Wilesby began to get very uneasy about his principal and interest, and wrote

letters to his victimized creditor, threatening him exposure and the utmost rigour of the law, if the bills were not honoured in due course of time. An appeal to the money-lender's consideration had proved futile; and Winterburn was daily expecting a remittance from a well-known firm, into whose hands he had placed his manuscripts, with an assurance that they would meet with every attention, and, if possible, a satisfactory arrangement would be entered into. Poor deluded author! the toil of his brain was overlooked in the haste the publishers were in to bring out a three-volume novel, post octavo, by the Honourable Mrs. Willoughby Mandeville, entitled "The Pilgrim of Love," "The Hazard of the Die," a satirical poem, by Roxburgh Sherlock, Esq., and "Memoirs of a Bedchamber Woman in the Reign of Queen Anne," by an hereditary senator. In this dilemma, Winterburn was about to seek advice from Mr. Powiss, the father of the youths, whose education had been entrusted to his care, when a letter in the same handwriting as the former anonymous one, reached him, minutely describing one or two

circumstances connected with the renewal of my acquaintance with Mary, and evidently showing that that the dastardly scribbler was fully acquainted with my movements.

To return at once to England, which was Winterburn's first thought, was fraught with difficulties and danger; first, he would have to sacrifice his situation, and, secondly, the moment he placed his foot on British ground, he would be run down by the blood-hounds of the law, and incarcerated in prison; not that the loss of the means of existence, or bonds, would have debarred him from seeking to save his daughter, but he felt that, before he could reach England, the mischief threatened in the letter would have taken place, for the writer hinted at an elopement to Gretna Green; nothing, therefore, was to be done, except to place his trust in Providence, and attempt to avert, if possible, by letter, a consummation to which, on principle, he was conscientiously opposed.

The effect produced by this communication was diametrically opposed to that intended, and brought about the very object it sought to pre-

vent; another illustration of the fallacy of human wisdom.

Mary's illness had prevented her replying to her father's warning, but she commissioned Miss M'Leod to address him a few lines, stating the cause of her silence, assuring him that all was as he could wish, and concluding with a promise, that, the moment she was restored to health, her own hand would ratify the contents of her amanuensis's letter.

Affairs were in this state, when the marriage took place, as recorded in last chapter, and the first duty I called upon Mary to perform, was to forward a communication to her father, informing him of the step she had taken, and urging him not to breathe it to a soul.

By return of post, a reply was brought, couched in the most affectionate terms, but still lamenting the selection she had made, which, however honourable in me, and ennobling to her, would, he fear, lead her into a labyrinth of uneasiness, from which it would be very difficult to extricate herself. It, however, concluded by sending his daughter a blessing, and his

deepest regret that circumstances would not allow of his returning to England for some time, if for ever.

“To what can he allude?” said Mary, as a tear trickled down her cheeks, at the thought of not again seeing her father.

“I know not, dearest,” I responded; “but, perhaps, if I addressed him upon the subject, he would unburthen his heart to me, and I might assist him. Say, Mary, shall I write?”

“You are all kindness, Arthur,” she rejoined, “but—but—he may in his next inform us of the reasons; it will be better to wait, although, I am sure, he will feel most grateful for the interest you take in his behalf.”

The daughter was right; she was quick-sighted enough to know that pecuniary difficulties pressed her father down, and that his pride would revolt from receiving any assistance from one so much younger than himself, and with whom he was so strangely connected.

The conversation now took another turn; and, without making my intentions known to the partner of my choice, I determined upon

ascertaining, if possible, the cause of Mr. Winterburn's involuntary exile ; but how to commence such an investigation was, upon reflection, more difficult than I had calculated upon, for I felt that any inquiry into the affair would compromise one I wished, and was now doubly bound to serve. After racking my brain for some time, as to what course I ought to pursue, my lucky star seemed to be in the ascendant, chance bringing about the information I had so much coveted.

Walking one day towards the hotel to which my letters were directed, and where my friends still believed I resided, I overtook Skittowe. The Major was delighted to see me, more especially when I asked him to give me the pleasure of his company to an early dinner.

“ How fortunate I am,” he joyfully replied, “ to be disengaged ; you must name your time and place.”

“ Half past six,” I replied, “ at Limmer's, or the Clarendon ; you shall select.”

“ Oh ! please yourself,” he responded ; “ but, for choice, I prefer the latter.”

“ We had better go and order a table,” I continued ; “ at Jacquier’s let it be ; perhaps you will not mind walking on while I go into the hotel for a minute.”

Skittowe proceeded on his mission, and upon reaching the Clarendon, I found him and the head-waiter in close conference, a table was selected, and the dinner ordered, when I proposed to him to take a stroll in the park. And where was Mary all this time ? will probably ask some married woman, or uxorious man ; I will satisfy them. My wife had accepted an invitation to accompany her friend, Miss M’Leod to a house of business, where the latter was about to engage herself.

“ I must call in Knightsbridge,” proceeded the Major, “ let me see, here’s the address,”

“ Mrs. Stapleton, 4, Park Side, Knightsbridge.”

“ I will walk as far as the door with you,” I replied, horrified at the idea of paying so equivocal a sort of visit.

“ What, a moral fit come over you, Arthur ? but I won’t shock your sensitive nerves, you can take a turn in the street, while I go up ;

you must know that last night coming out of Covent Garden Theatre, I rescued two ladies from the rude hands of a link-boy, who after failing to procure them a hackney-coach, insisted upon being paid for his trouble. They told me they had been separated from their party, I of course did the civil thing, got them a conveyance, and placed them in it ; the one that took my fancy to, was so muffled up in a cloak, and enveloped in a black veil, that all I could discover, by the light of the gas, was a pair of fine eyes, and dazzling white teeth ; she thanked me for my trouble, and in taking leave, I gave her my travelling name Major Smith, and my address at the club ; this brought forth the following epistle, which has just reached me by the twopenny post, read it, you will see it is a choice production, and makes me curious to see the writer.”

4, Park Side, Knightsbridge.

~~able~~ “ An interchange of courtesies is the inevitable result of civilized society ; for your card

accept this note, and if you are anxious to point out the beauties of the opera you alluded to, you will find me at home any day before six o'clock.

“KATE.”

“I should scarcely think a visit to such a correspondent,” said I, “would repay you, it is quite clear to what class she belongs.”

“Oh! do not libel her,” responded my companion, “there was nothing in her manner that would warrant so uncharitable a conclusion, she gave me the idea of a governess out of a situation, who had evidently seen better days.”

As we wended our way towards Knightsbridge, we were joined by one or two loungers, and I had almost forgotten the purport of our walk, when the Major stopped short opposite a small house between the chapel, and what has since been built upon, and called Albert Gate.

“You must excuse me, Phil,” said the gallant gay Lothario to a young guardsman who had taken his arm. “I have a call to make.”

“A bit of muslin I understand,” responded

the other, “so, adieu, I shall walk on to the barracks, Charlton is orderly officer.”

Just as I was arranging with the Major to meet him by the Serpentine, a few drops of heavy rain fell on the parched pavement, and foretold one of those sudden showers so well known in our changeable climate; to secure a hackney coach was of course as difficult (with such a storm portending) as it would be to find a policeman in these days, when wanted, and as I was, albeit no dandy, extremely particular in my dress, and upon the occasion referred to, sported a new hat, and a pair of thin polished boots, which shone beautifully under a pair of light coloured merino trowsers, my anxiety to save myself from the deluge of rain, about to descend, was great.

We had reached the door of number four, which was the private entrance to an oil and colour shop, and my companion had given a most vigorous pull to the upper bell-handle, when the rain commenced in downright earnest.

“And what do you want?” asked a gruff and

surly voice. "I thought at least the house was on fire."

"Don't agitate yourself my fine fellow," replied the Major, "I wish to see Mrs. Stapleton."

"Then why didn't you ring the second, not the first floor bell? but come in, and shut the door, or we shall soon have the passage full." Preferring the dense, close, and offensive smelling interior, to the drenching storm of the exterior, I entered, and addressing the owner of the house civilly, asked permission to remain in the passage while my friend went up stairs.

"I'm sorry to refuse you, Sir," replied the man, evidently softened down by my manner, "but my missus makes it a rule never to allow any one to hang about. I don't mean anything personal, but a few weeks ago we lost an umbrella and a cloak."

"John you're wanted in the shop," shouted a woman's voice, "and I can't leave the baby, that second-floor gives us a deal of trouble."

I had now no alternative left, but to follow Skittowe up a very narrow and tortuous stair-

case, where the cries of another “blessed baby” greeted our ears; upon giving a gentle rap, the door opened, and to my utter surprise my mother’s late lady’s-maid, Swacliffe, stood before us.

“What Mr. Pembroke and Major Skittowe,” said the astonished abigail, after she had in some degree recovered her self-possession, “how kind of you both to call, but how did you hear of my residence?” The Major who was too much a man of the world, and too gallant a cavalier to expose Mrs. Swacliffe’s companion of the former night in my presence, adroitly answered.

“I caught a glimpse of you yesterday entering this house, and having heard from my friend, Lady Anne Graystock, that you had changed your name, I thought after your universal attention to me at Pembroke Abbey, that the least I could do was to acknowledge it.”

Here the renewed cries of a “little stranger” reminded us that a change of name from Miss Swacliffe to Mrs. Stapleton was not before it was required.

“Oh, do let us see the baby,” said Skittowe, “I am passionately fond of children, is it a boy or a girl?”

“A girl,” responded the mother—a mother without the sacred title of a wife—for as it was afterwards proved, Eliza Swacliffe had listened to the winning tongue of a dashing cornet of dragoons, who on the occasion of the conflagration at the Chichester ball, had rescued the frightened abigail from an imaginary danger to place her eventually in a real one. Rumours of this having reached my mothers ears, she lost no time in mentioning them kindly to the object of the scandal. From her confused manner, she soon found them to be true, and without pressing her further upon the subject, recommended her at once to leave the Abbey for London, where her heartless seducer was living; the story is easily told, finding herself about to become a mother, she applied to the tempter, who referred her to his solicitor, and a paltry pittance of a pound a week was all she could obtain from the man, who a few weeks before had vowed eternal constancy. During her stay

in London, Mrs. Stapleton had formed an acquaintance with a young girl, the Major's correspondent, whom she had formerly known in a house of business, and with her had attended Covent Garden on the previous evening ; separated (as she had truly said) from her friend, by the pressure of the crowd, she had availed herself of the Major's services, and although, at one moment the voice of her cavalier struck her as being a familiar one, his figure being enveloped in a military cloak was not easy to be recognized.

To resume our adventures, the infantine specimen of humanity was brought into the room, and although not looking to advantage from its eyes appearing inflamed with crying, and its robe (not quite as white as driven snow), being considerably rumpled, a more beautiful child I never beheld. Her bright blue eyes sparkled like stars in a sunny clime, her golden hair curled gracefully over a high and intellectual forehead, while a rosy fat dimpled cheek shewed that her mother had not failed in her duties owards her. How many crowned heads, proud

nobles, heirs to hereditary titles and lands, would have been rendered superlatively happy, if their loving wives could have presented them with such an offering, as the cherub I now gazed at. What reflections it produced, as I thought of this offspring of illicit love, with no one in this wide wide world, except its mother, to guide her in the right path, that leads alone to happiness, or protect her from the evils, and hardships of an earthly pilgrimage !

“ And what’s her name ? ” I enquired, taking the poor little creature in my arms.

“ Eliza,” she replied, the colour rising to her cheek, as the remembrance of her seducer flashed across her mind.

“ There, Eliza,” I replied, placing a sovereign in her diminutive hand, “ there’s a present for you to buy a doll with, when you are old enough,” the child dropped the coin, but gave a little crow of satisfaction, as if she was aware of the interest I had taken in her behalf.

“ And what are you about, Mr. Pembroke ? ” inquired my old housekeeper’s room acquaintance, “ great changes at the Abbey since I

left; there's Martha Jenkins married to the under gardener, old Mrs. Steppings at the Lodge is dead, and young Mark Cobb called in church for the last time, having at last succeeded in getting Letty, the dairy-maid to accept him. He is a sad scamp, I fear, and behaved shocking bad to Susan Taylor, at the Bat and Ball."

Before I had time to answer the talking matron respecting myself, she proceeded :

"And poor Mr. Winterburn—" here the beautiful baby, little aware of the interest I felt in the conversation, began to cry for its natural nourishment, when the following Mosaic dialogue took place. "As I was saying—there's a dear—Mr. Winterburn—catchy, catchy, catchy, it shall have a spoon to play with—he was in a sad taking just before I left," another squall from the infant.

"A little tired, I fancy," interrupted I, dying with anxiety to hear more, "had you not better put her into the cradle."

"Oh ! she'll be quiet in a moment—'hush-a-baby baby, on the tree top'—she's going off to

sleep, that's a poppet—well, as I was saying, Mr. Winterburn—bless its little heart—was sadly put to it about some money he had borrowed from a rascally advertizing Jew, it was he that robbed my—I mean Mr. Stapleton—who told me all about it.”

“And what did you hear?” I impatiently asked.

“There, she's going off, ‘lullaby darling,’ ‘peaceful slumbering,’ I forgot—well, Mr. Winterburn signed bills to a large amount, out of which he only received about half, and then they threatened him with arrest.”

“Arrest! who threatened him?” I again petulantly enquired.

“Let me see. Joe—Joe—I almost forget the name—there's a pretty!—pray excuse me for a few minutes while I put the baby to bed.”

The tender mother retired into the back room, leaving me in a state of suspense bordering upon distraction; in the meantime, my friend, Skittowe, was occupying himself at the front window, ogling and kissing his hand to some straw bonnet makers, whose work-

room faced the one we were in. After an interval, which appeared to me as if it would never end, Mrs. Stapleton, as I shall in future call her, re-appeared, and then proceeded to give me the information I required.

“I don’t quite remember the name,” she said, “but I know the advertisement appeared in the ‘Morning Chronicle’ about the time you left home for Portsmouth. Joel, I think was the first name.”

“Never mind the other,” I responded, “I can easily refer to a file of the newspaper at Peele’s coffee-house.”

“And Miss Mary, too, the last I heard of her, was at a milliner’s in Regent Street; she was a kind, good-hearted girl, and would, I think, under any circumstances, befriend me in getting some work, for labour I must to support my dear child; but I would not for the world that she should hear of my misfortune.” Here the remembrance of happier days, and former friends crossed her mind, and for some moments she was silent.

“The day is quite fine now,” chimed in the

Major, "so, perhaps, we had better take advantage of it and finish our walk. I must get up an appetite for Jacquier's good fare."

I took up my hat, having promised Mrs. Stapleton to pay her another visit.

"And allow me," said the insinuating soldier, "to offer a small present to your interesting child, I will send it in the course of to-morrow, and you may depend upon my never referring to the accident that brought about this interview."

Taking our leave, we strolled through the park, and the only allusion made by my companion respecting our visit, was,

"While you were occupied with Mrs. Swallow, not for her *beaux yeux*, but for the sake of the lovely Mary, don't colour up, Arthur, you remember our walk from Lady Anne Graystock's, I was carrying on a pantomimic flirtation with a perfect beauty opposite, her name, as far as I can make out by finger signals, is Emma Hope, and to-morrow I shall send her a love-letter. It's quite astounding how adventures will spring up, when one is not thinking

about them, and how the smallest trifles produce great effects; through an accidental meeting at the doors of Covent Garden—but we must keep that snug—I encounter your mother's lady's-maid, she enlightens you about your old Dominie's difficulties, in which I counsel you not to mix yourself up, and I fall in love with a bright-eyed rosy-coloured maker up of Dunstable bonnets; such incidents would scarcely be believed in a novel."

There was just time to proceed to Peele's coffee-house, allowing a quarter of an hour to remain there, so making my excuses to my companion, I availed myself of a lift in a friend's cab as far as Covent Garden Market, where he was going to purchase a bouquet for some fair partner at Almack's, and I soon afterwards reached the point of my destination.

"The file of 'Morning Chronicle' for this year," said I to a slip-shod waiter, "and a glass of sherry and a biscuit."

"Yes, Sir," responded the active servant, who in a few seconds, returned with my order.

It took me but little time to refer to the advertisements, as I knew within a day of the period, I left for Portsmouth, and my eye was immediately attracted to the following notice.

“To Noblemen and Gentlemen in temporary difficulties, money advanced in large or small sums. Interest regulated by the state of the funds. None but principles dealt with. Apply to Mr. Joel Wilesby, No. 153, Old Jewry.”

Copying the above, I left this useful of all useful coffee-houses, and reached the Clarendon just as Skittowe had entered.

“Have you any champagne in ice?” I inquired.

“Yes, Sir, sweet and dry.”

“Bring a bottle of sherry, and one of Sillery, I think, Major, you prefer that.”

As Skittowe was one of those who (as the joke goes) could drink any *given* quantity of wine, he was perfectly agreeable to my proposal, and we sat down to dinner in high glee, my companion at having booked another for the next day, from a friend he had met in the

THE STORY

which took all round a strong impression  
on her of the most serious gravity. In  
such a state of mind, I could hardly  
have been able to speak to Frances.

I did venture into the room, but I had  
such a strong sense of Mrs. Mason's. I told  
her it was not exactly so. I left her and  
walked up country in silence when I found  
out it was not. Mrs. Mason, she soon  
recalled the whole and all with the same  
willing spirit as

"If you have an objection, Andrew, we will  
not call and see my old acquaintance, and I  
have no doubt but that I shall be safe in passing  
in the way of calling at honest invitation."

"Just that you please," I replied. "I feel  
for the man, and we must never be too severe  
upon the frailties of those exposed to so much  
temptation as the master was."

With respect to Mr. Whlesby, I briefly  
alluded to having heard the name of the accom-  
modating money-lender, and kept my own  
counsel as to the steps I should take to extir-

cate Mr. Winterburn from his difficulties, and restore him to his daughter, when circumstances allowed him to leave his present employer. Although Mary had declined all remuneration for her services with Mrs. Hodson, which consisted in merely assisting her in the show-room, I arranged for her to pass much of her time in Conduit Street, not liking to leave her to herself, when business took me from home. I, therefore, upon the following morning, after leaving my wife at her friend's house, proceeded to Mr. Wilesby's office.

"Can I see Mr. Wilesby?" said I, as I was ushered into a small apartment, in which sat a couple of clerks.

"Will you favour me with your name?" inquired the youngest of them, whose features showed his origin, "I think Mr. Benjamin is disengaged, but Mr. Joel has, I know, an appointment with Lord Stakeland at twelve o'clock."

"I will, under these circumstances," I replied, "call later in the day, my business is with Mr. Joel."

Not liking to run even the chance of losing

a customer, the Hebrew clerk took my card, and returned saying,

“Mr. Joel will see you in less than a quarter of an hour, if you will be pleased to take a seat, and look at the ‘Times.’”

To this I assented, and was turning over the pages of that all-powerful journal, when I was attracted to the following notice in the law column, Court of Queen’s Bench—Terry, v. Asplin—Theed v. Carlton—Symonds v. Winterburn.

Before I could recover from my surprise, I was conducted into the presence of the head of the firm, but before I enter into the business that took me there, I must give a slight sketch of Mr. Wilesby and his sanctum. The usurious money-lender was a man of about thirty, dressed in the extreme of fashion, with a diamond pin in his neckcloth, and a hooped ring on his finger, each worth at least a hundred pounds. Although the tribe to which he belonged could, upon examination, be traced in his features, his dark brown hair, and fresh colour gave him more the look of a Christian than a Jew.

His manners were extremely affable, and begging I would take a seat, he apologized for being obliged to leave me for a minute, having to affix his signature to some legal document. During his absence, I looked round the room, which was furnished in good taste, the tables, chairs, and book-cases, were of carved oak; some valuable books, principally legal ones, graced the shelves, and a row of tin deed boxes, with the names of many titled and untitled clients, and charitable trusts, ran round the room.

“And to what am I indebted for the honour of your visit?” blandly asked Mr. Wilesby, who had referred to the baronetage to see how I stood in the Pembroke family. “It will give me the greatest pleasure to forward your views, if in my power, unfortunately at the present moment the money market is very tight, but it may get better—consols were done at eighty-two.”

“You mistake the motive of my calling upon you,” said I, interrupting this chancellor of the exchequer in his budget, “I do not come to

borrow, but to speak to you upon the subject of a friend."

"Pray proceed," continued Mr. Wilesby, in what is termed rather a short manner, evidently disappointed at finding I was not in want of a supply.

"You are, I believe, acquainted with my former tutor, Mr. Winterburn—" I hesitated, in the hopes that the man of ways and means, would take up the conversation, but he remained perfectly silent. I was therefore compelled to proceed, "and have had some transactions with him," another pause, which was broken by the money-lender.

"I *do* know Mr. Winterburn, and *have* transacted some business for him."

"That gentleman, who is the soul of honour is abroad," I continued, "and although I am not authorized by him to make any proposition, if some arrangement could be entered into, it would eventually prove of advantage to you, and in the meantime you would enjoy the satisfaction of having assisted a worthy and hard-working man."

After this youthful effusion, which produced as much effect upon Mr. Wilesby, as a pop-gun would against the stronghold of Gibraltar, I again returned to the charge.

“At the present moment, Mr. Winterburn’s circumstances are such, that any settlement with creditors is out of his power, he has every reason to believe he may shortly be relieved from the difficulties which now overwhelm him, and if you could give him some little time, I have no doubt but that, ere long, he would be able to satisfy every demand.”

“Mr. Pembroke,” rejoined the money-lender, with the blandest smile, for he had penetration enough, to see how deeply I was interested in the matter. “Nothing will give me greater pleasure than to accommodate any gentleman who flatters me with his confidence, and upon a trifling collateral security shall be happy to renew the bills, nay a friend’s assurance that he will see them honoured in due course of time, is all I require. You must know, Mr. Pembroke, that in affairs of this sort, there are more parties

than one to be consulted ; if I had happened to have had the money, when your excellent and respected tutor applied for a loan, of course I could have acted differently, but the client from whom I was obliged to borrow the amount, only five hundred I think, has met with some reverses in business, and is clamorous for payment, I have already done my best to stop any unpleasant proceeding, but without some reasonable offer can be made, I fear my good wishes will weigh but little in the balance." Here Mr. Wilesby stopped to take breath, after so long an oration, and ringing the bell, requested to see Mr. Benjamin for a few minutes.

" My brother knows more of the affair than I do," continued Mr. Joel, as the door opened, and his junior partner entered.

" Mr. Pembroke has called upon the subject of our claim upon his former tutor, Mr. Winterburn, and from all I can glean, some arrangement may possibly be entered into, which will satisfy " Symonds and Wraxall" and put an end to all law proceedings."

“Humph,” grunted Mr. Benjamin, who I shortly discovered was a very taciturn limb of the law.

“Happy to stay proceedings on payment by instalments,” said the solicitor to the firm, “the brief has not yet been sent to Serjeant Wilde, here it is,” placing before me a tolerably sized document, on which was endorsed,

Court of King’s Bench  
Term  
Symonds v. Winterburn,  
Mr. Serjeant Wilde  
B. Wiles Atty. for Plaintiff  
153, Old Jewry.

We were now all at a stand still, no one liking to commit himself, when after a pause the elder party said :

“The case lies in a nut-shell, Messrs. Symonds will be disposed to entertain any reasonable proposition, they cannot be expected to give up their claim.”

“Certainly not,” I responded, “and if Mr. Winterburn’s friends would guarantee a settlement by instalments of—say ten pounds a

quarter, and pay down whatever amount of costs my brother has been put to, of course Benjamin, under the circumstances, you'll make no charge for your trouble."

"None," replied the attorney, "the affair can be brought to a satisfactory termination."

"Ten pounds a quarter and costs," said I to myself, with as much intensity of thought, as Shylock did of his ducats, "and what would the costs amount to?" I eagerly enquired, too eagerly I fear, as at least an extra five pounds was put on for my anxiety.

"Let me see," said Benjamin. "Letters, postage, messengers, fees, &c., say five-and-twenty pounds." Both the brothers watched my looks, and feeling the bait had been taken, the elder one remarked.

"Perhaps, Mr. Pembroke will consult his friends. You can stay proceedings."

"Until next Saturday," interrupted the other.

"And if such an arrangement could be made, would Mr. Winterburn be free to return to England?" I imprudently asked.

"As a matter of course, the old bills would be given up, and new ones substituted at a longer date, and so anxious are we to avoid litigation, that your own security, although under age, will satisfy us."

The thought of Mary's wretchedness at her father's banishment came across my mind, and I, without further consideration, agreed to make myself responsible for my father-in-law's debt.

Having arranged to call on the following morning with the "sinews of war" money, I took my leave of the brothers "arcades ambo, blackguards both." It was with no little feeling of delight that I entered Mary's presence, and with as much delicacy as possible, told her she might write to her father to say he need be under no apprehension as to annoyance or arrest, should he be able to return to England, and to offer him a home at our house, for as long a period as he could devote to us. Nothing could exceed the gratitude of my wife, as she listened to the arrangement I had entered into.

"You know Arthur," she proceeded, "I

never interfere with your plans, for I have implicit confidence in your judgment, all I sincerely trust is, that by an act of generosity towards my father, you will not cripple your own means, you will find me I fear very expensive, for with every wish to economize, I cannot keep down the weekly bills."

"It will only be one month earlier in the King's Bench," I replied laughing, although had I seriously reflected upon the state of my finances, the thought would have produced the reverse of merriment; my expenses, since my arrival in London had been great, for during my courtship and honeymoon I had freely opened my purse-strings, and now for the first time in my life found myself a housekeeper, with a wife to provide for, and perhaps in due course of time an addition to the establishment might be anticipated, it is true that the house I had engaged was small, and we had only two female servants, but neither Mrs. Pembroke nor myself knew much of management, and were accordingly cheated right and left. To make matters worse, I had become security for twenty

five pounds ready money, and was liable for a further annual payment of forty, which, however, I sanguinely trusted would be repaid by my father-in-law's literary works.

With all the light heartedness of youth, as long as I had the money, I drove all care for the future from my mind, and drawing the amount from my agents, presented myself at the appointed time at the office of Messrs. Wilesby, who handed over to me a stamped receipt, and a written document which they assured me was a protection to Mr. Winterburn against the claims of his creditors Messrs. Symonds and Wraxall, and that if upon the return of my late tutor to England, that gentleman would favour them with a call, the new bills would be ready for his acceptance.

Time passed away, Mr. Winterburn had acknowledged his daughter's letter, and was expected every hour in London, the publisher having agreed "to bring forward his book upon a sharing scheme of dividing the profits after the expenses of the work were defrayed," and had furthermore "recommended the author to

lose no time in proceeding home, to superintend the progress of the work through the press, which he trusted would prove remunerative to both parties."

One morning, when Mary had been straining her eyes in hopes of seeing a hackney coach drive up to the door, a single but rather an impetuous knock was heard.

"What can it be?" said she, ringing the bell, and desiring Susan, the maid-of-all-work to answer the new comer.

"Please, Mum," replied the girl returning, after doing her mistress's bidding "a boy has brought this note, and wishes to know whether he is to wait for an answer, he'll require half-a-crown if he does, Mum."

"A note, and in your father's hand-writing, what can it mean?" I hastily asked.

"Read, Arthur," said my agitated wife. I opened, and found it contained the following lines.

15, Cursitor Street.

"Dearest Mary,

"I reached London yesterday, and was on

my way to your house, when I was arrested at the suit of Symonds and Wraxall. I scarcely dare ask Mr. Pembroke to call here, but if he would see Messrs. Ryves and Hunter, publishers, Paternoster Row, they might be induced to advance me forty or fifty pounds to meet present emergencies. With kind regard to Mr. Pembroke and best love to you,

“ I remain,

“ Your affectionate father,

“ STEPHEN WINTERBURN.”

“ Arrested at the suit of those scoundrels !” I exclaimed passionately. “ There must be foul play somewhere ; but come, Mary, put on your bonnet and shawl, and accompany me to Cur-sitor Street. I will leave you there while I consult a respectable solicitor. You may dismiss the messenger, who seems to be as extortionate as his employer.”

While getting Joel Wilesby’s receipt out of my writing desk, my wife returned to the room, ready for the walk.

"Thank you, dearest," I exclaimed, "for your haste, I should have got awfully fidgety if you had kept me waiting, why if you go on in this way you will deserve a golden epitaph. To the memory of one who never kept her husband waiting or slammed a door." Although excited, and rather dull at heart, I made the latter remark to cheer Mary, whose countenance betrayed her inward fears and feelings.

Taking a hackney coach as far as Lincoln's Inn, where we dismissed the crazy vehicle, we soon found ourselves at the door of a small house in Curistor Street.

"Is Mr. Winterburn at home?" said I, addressing a gross looking man, who answered the bell.

"Well, I rather think he is," responded the fellow, adding in a lower tone, but loud enough to reach our ears, "and likely to remain so." After fastening the chain, the keeper of the spongeing-house, told us to follow him up stairs, and conducted us into a drawing-room on the first floor, where we found the person we were in search of.

“If you require pen ink, and paper, a messenger, or any refreshment, you can have it by sending for me,” said the man, “I wish to do every thing that is liberal and handsome at the lowest possible charge.” After delivering himself of this oration, which his bills, as I shall presently show, did not warrant him in making, he left the room, and Mary was soon in the arms of her father.

“Thank you, thank you,” said he grasping my hand. “Not alone for your noble conduct towards my daughter, but for your prompt attention to my request.”

“There is not a moment to be lost,” I replied. “I will make the best of my way to Paternoster Row, see one of the partners, ascertain the name of a respectable attorney, lay the case before him, and return. Mary will remain with you during my absence.” As I descended the stairs, I was met by the keeper, who again expressed the satisfaction it would give him to pay every attention to his lodger, during his temporary confinement. Thanking

him for the proffered offer, I was freed from durance, and in less than a quarter of an hour, presented myself at the office of the publishers.

“Would you give this card to Mr. Ryves or Hunter, and say I wish to have a few minutes’ conversation with him.”

“Certainly Sir; pray be seated,” responded the clerk, who in less than a minute returned, and informed me that Mr. Hunter was disengaged, following my conductor into a small room on the ground floor, I found the junior partner seated before a table upon which appeared endless manuscripts, a few newly bound books, and a variety of extracts from newspapers. Mr. Hunter, like all publishers I have ever had to do with, was remarkably gentlemanlike, shrewd, and courteous; he offered me a chair, and told me what pleasure it would give him to meet any views I had respecting publication. I at once informed him of the purport of my visit, pointed out the circumstances under which my former tutor was placed, assured him that he was a man of honour and a profound scholar,

and finally concluded by asking him to advance the required sum upon the manuscripts now ready for the press.

“ You must be aware,” replied Mr. Hunter, “ that a work of deep research and learning, such as the one you refer to, is not very marketable, without being backed by the name of a well-known and talented writer ; there would be great risk in undertaking Mr. Winterburn’s essays, as the expense of bringing an untried author into notice is considerable : at the same time we wish to act fairly towards any gentleman who flatters us with a preference, especially under the peculiar position in which the author is placed ; and although our present agreement is to share profits after the usual expenses, taking the risk entirely upon ourselves, we shall be happy to advance forty pounds, it being understood that the first forty pounds after the expenses is to be paid to us.”

“ Nothing can be more fair,” I responded, “ and in behalf of my friend, let me thank you for your liberality.”

“ Here is a cheque for the amount,” con-  
VOL II. T

tinued the publisher, “ and an agreement, which for the sake of form, had better be filled up and signed by the respective parties ; I will send it to Mr. Winterburn in the course of the day.”

“ There is another favour I would ask at your hands ; namely, to tell me the name of a respectable attorney to whom I could apply, my father’s solicitor does not undertake common law.”

“ There is a gentleman of a very high legal, as well as literary character, well known in London, whose advice under such circumstances would be invaluable. He is at present with Mr. Ryves, respecting a reprint of that truly popular work, ‘ The Rejected Addresses.’ ”

“ What, Mr. James Smith ? ” I asked. “ I had once the pleasure of meeting him at General Mulgrave’s, just after I left school.”

“ The same,” replied Mr. Hunter. “ If he has not left the house. I can take upon myself to say that he will be happy to see you ; and if he has, you will probably find him at his chambers.”

Upon enquiry, we found the talented writer had left, and furnished with a letter of introduction to him from the firm who had behaved so nobly towards my father-in-law, I proceeded to the man of wit and law.

During my walk there, I thought over the conduct of the publishers, which I own surprised me not a little, for I had often heard of the illiberality of the trade in general, and such reflections may not here be out of place, confirmed as they have since been by practical experience.

Peter Pindar remarked, "that publishers drank their wine in the manner of the heroes in the Hall of Odin, out of authors' skulls." Such may have formerly been the case, but we doubt much whether in the present day, many would get intoxicated with the draught.

With respect to the writer, it is too often the fashion for him to say: "I was led to publish on a sharing scheme, and I found the expenses so great, that there was no profit to divide." Grant that such proves to be the case, the publisher, instead of being censured,

ought to be praised, for he, at his own risk, undertook a work which did not answer his expectation ; and, therefore, the writer ought to feel thankful that he was not called upon to share the loss.

Again, another aspirant for literary fame, complains that no publisher will bring forth the effusions of his pen, except he, the writer, makes himself answerable for the expenses. Surely, this is no just cause of complaint, for why should the publisher risk a sum the person most interested in the transaction declines to do. A third, finds fault with the amount of the outlay in the large sums charged for corrections and advertisements ; the former may be kept down by a clearly written manuscript, *not* such a one as I too often myself send to the ill-used printer to decipher, and the latter ought not to be cavilled at, as without notoriety, few works would pay ; the publisher, too, has no interest in advertizing, and for the sake of his own pocket would keep the expenses as low as possible.

There are other contingencies to which “the Row” are liable, namely, bad debts, destruction of property by fire, office expenses, and until within a few years, when an international copyright was introduced, they had to contend against piratical editions in France, Holland, Germany and Belgium. Happily, the free-booters who live on other men’s brains, are confined to the United States, and we quote the opinion of their late minister, who stated at a dinner given by the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, to a large literary circle, “that his countrymen liked the system of cheap copies of English works, as it enabled them to study the best that emanated from our press at a very small cost.”

Copyright, according to the above authority, seems to be the right to copy, and to prove how the system has worked, we give an extract from the New York papers.

“Cheap books are the rage. Dickens sells for  $6\frac{1}{4}$  cents, against your English one pound one; Allison’s History of the French Revolution, which costs you fifty dollars, is in course

of publication here, in a sufficiently neat and legible style for four dollars."

Fancy the inimitable Boz only receiving the price of waste paper for his *Pickwick Papers*. The works of the author of "*Waverley*" selling for a few pence, Byron, Moore, Campbell, realizing coppers, James' "*Robber*" knocked down and robbed for one shilling, Thackeray's "*Vanity Fair*" open to the public at an almost incredible low price. Bulwer's "*Paul Clifford*" made to stand and deliver up his rights for a few cents. Ainsworth's "*Jack Sheppard*," and "*Dick Turpin*" finding the principle of *lex talionis* applied to them, by being despoiled of their well-earned wealth. Hood's guinea works, Hood, the facetious, laughing, merry Hood, hoodwinked and *dollarously* treated.

War, too, is carried on against the gentler sex, the racy Trollope, the highly gifted Norton, St. *Cecilia Gore*, the talented Blessington, the all accomplished Emmeline Stuart Wortley, treated like Circassian slaves, and their works sold at what the Regent Street tradesmen call "ruinous prices."

Let us hope then that the example set by other countries will be adopted by America, and that ere long, an end will be put to that system of literary piracy, which enables a citizen of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, to publish every work of value that emanates from the English press at so trifling a sum. Surely, in despite of Mr. Buchanan's remarks, some check ought to be put upon the hordes of bibliopolistical freebooters, letter-*press* gangs, literary robbers, regular *Jonathan* Wilds, who live by picking the brains as well as the pockets of authors, "sweating" (as they term it in St. Giles's) standard works instead of standard gold, levying black (letter) mail after the fashion of the McGregor in open day, circulating counterfeit "American Notes," palming off works of the Old World as those of the New, and filching the property, after burking the Lives of Eminent Statesmen.

So long as such a system is permitted, publishers must suffer, and although we are not prepared to assert that their judgment is infallible, nor that they do not occasionally

commit errors by bringing out works which are valueless, except as waste paper, and rejecting others of sterling merit; still on the whole, the conduct of the leading firms is judicious and liberal, and if an author finds his book declined, he may be pretty sure that he has mistaken his avocation.

Talking of writers who have experienced difficulty in bringing their works before the public, reminds me of the now popular, but once "Rejected Addresses" of Horace and James Smith, the latter of whom I was on my way to visit, when the reflections I have laid before the reader crowded my mind, and gave rise to the present digression.

Upon reaching Austin Friars, where the witty man of law resided, I found him in his chambers, and upon sending in my name, was received with the greatest cordiality.

"I am rather busy this morning," said he with the blandest smile, "having to write a comic song for Harley's benefit, a sort of Harleian miscellany, and a poetical tag for the new farce at Drury Lane. The former comes glibly

enough, but the latter, like Kitty Clover, ‘bothers me so, oh, oh !’ You shall give me your opinion of the ditty,” and with this he sang some half-dozen verses full of point and fun to a popular air of the day. “But I forgot,” he continued, “Hunter says in his note, you wish to consult me on a matter of business, and here, instead of attending to that, I have been wasting your time with my foolish rhymes, pray excuse me.”

Taking advantage of this opening, I laid Winterburn’s case before my companion, and asked his professional advice upon it. After listening attentively to all I had to say, he proceeded :

“ There can be no doubt that your friend has got himself involved with a set of swindlers, and so unprincipled are they, that they will stick at nothing, an action would *lie* against them, but then they would return the compliment, and bring forward witnesses to *lie* in their favour ; in fact, one cannot touch pitch without being defiled, and as an honest attorney, you will smile at the term, I cannot recommend

number seven Newgate Street, close to the scene of his professional glory."

I was about to take my leave, when it occurred to me that I had incurred some expense in this interview, so stammering out,

"Your clerk must let me know how much I am indebted to you—" he interrupted me by saying :

"O, I understand ; to consulting with you in re-Winterburn, one pound one, to writing—an address—six and eight pence, to calling your attention to my new song, thirteen and four pence, hackney coaches, messengers, postage, &c., then there is a set-off ; the pleasure of your acquaintance, that balances the account, and makes me greatly indebted to you for a most agreeable visit but joking apart ; a part I often play, you must let me know the result of this affair, and, if you are at the West End about six o'clock, and will meet me at Murray's in Albemarle Street, I shall be delighted to see you. I dined with him yesterday, and heard a tolerably good thing ; upon asking a friend of mine how

he liked his wine, the other replied "so much, that I should like to see it transferred from my book *seller* to my wine *cellar*."

"Capital," I responded, "but you have not told me who said this good thing."

"Oh, a stupid fellow, one James Smith, punster and parodist, at your service."

I then took leave of my recently formed acquaintance, and proceeded to Newgate Street, where I was fortunate enough to find Mr. Mardock disengaged ; after listening to my case attentively, he advised that a threat should be held out of indicting the parties for a conspiracy, adding that the best way of getting rid of the whole affair, would be to provide funds sufficient to pay off the actual amount advanced on the bills, namely, two hundred and fifty pounds, and that, if, on the following day, that sum was forthcoming, he had every reason to believe he should be able to set Mr. Winterburn free.

"Should they hesitate," concluded the lawyer, "I shall advise my client to take the benefit of the act ; should they accede to my

proposition, I shall make them pay Mr. Winterburn's expenses since his arrest, and my own costs."

If ever determination was on the brow of mortal man, it was on that of Mr. Mardock, he was known in his profession as a bold, reckless practitioner, who would resort to every extremity to protect his client: and upon the occasion I refer to, he fully kept up his character, for upon the following morning, he addressed to me a letter, saying he had brought the opposing parties to the terms he had suggested to me in our interview.

## CHAPTER IX.

**"Then open your gates, and let me gang free."**

**SCOTCH BALLAD.**

ALTHOUGH I was delighted at the prospect of seeing my father-in-law emancipated from durance vile, a difficulty presented itself, which I did not think possible to overcome, and that was the amount required to take up the bills. Having once had an insight into the swindling ways of the money lending fraternity, I did not feel disposed to get into their clutches, and I knew no friend I could apply to for assistance. To show Mary the contents of the attorney's letter was like dashing a cup of water from the

parched lips of an eastern traveller in the desert, just as he was about to taste the refreshing draught; so I determined to be silent upon the subject, until I had consulted my new ally James Smith. Upon calling as usual for my letters, I met Major Skittowe coming out of the hotel, and thinking two heads better than one, I made up my mind to consult him without mentioning the name of the friend I was anxious to serve.

“ You cannot do better than talk over the affair with the lawyer,” said he, “ in the mean time, if I can be of any service command me; you know I was gazetted out of the regiment last week, and the amount I received, between half and full pay, is at my agents: I am not a rich man, and therefore cannot afford to run a risk, but if you can offer me any good security, you shall have the money at four per cent.”

“ How can I ever repay your kindness,” I responded, “ but I would rather avoid if possible taxing a friend’s liberality, I will,

however, refer Mr. Smith to my father's solicitor, and see what security I can offer."

The man of law met us with the greatest cordiality, and after discussing the question, strongly advised me to take up the bills, and get rid of the transaction.

"I will see Mr. Bretby this morning," said the wit, "and if as you say five thousand pounds are settled upon you, the difficulty of obtaining a loan of two hundred and fifty will not be very great."

The gentleman above referred to, was Sir William's man of business, and he having confirmed the statement I had made, the arrangement was carried out, and a cheque on Messieurs Cox and Greenwood given me for the loan I required. Hastening home, I found Mary in the deepest state of anxiety, for she felt acutely the incarceration of her father, and cheering her with the information that all was well, we proceeded to Cursitor Street, where I left her, under the full assurance that in less than an hour, Mr. Winterburn would be free. To

place the cheque in the hands of Mr Mardock, who gave me back the bills, and a receipt in full of all demands, was the work of a quarter of an hour, and at the expiration of that time, the guardian of the Sponging-House, intimated to Mr. Winterburn that upon paying his small account, he was at liberty to depart. The bill ran as follows :

Stephen Winterburn, Esq., to Samuel Hart two apartments 3 days, sitting and bed room £1 12s.

“ Bed room !” I exclaimed “ he charges for that alcove.”

“ The bed is behind the organ front,” responded my father-in-law, and such was the case, for upon inspecting it closely, I found like the “ chest of drawers,” mentioned by Oliver Goldsmith, it contrived,

“ a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, an *instrument* by day.”

Winterburn then proceeded to read aloud the following items, commenting severely upon the exorbitant charges, and the wretched accommodation of this fashionable lock-up house.

		£	s	d
2 Breakfast.	Cold ham, eggs, &c.	0	12	0
2 Luncheons.	Biscuits, wine.	0	11	0
2 Dinners.	Wine, porter, desert.	1	10	0
Wax-lights, night lamp.		0	12	0
Attendance.		0	15	0
Stationery		0	6	0
Messengers		0	14	0
Washing house linen, towels, table-cloth &c.		0	6	0
<hr/>				
Total		£6	18	0

The hackney coach was at the door to convey us from the scene of misery and extortion, when Mr. Hart invited us into the coffee-room, an apartment in which all who were unable to pay for the luxury of a private room were huddled together, it was filled by a very mixed class of people, from the humble artizan to the aristocratic man about town,—there might be seen the shabby genteel military Captain, who, like the hero of the ballad, “had spent half-a-crown out of sixpence a day,” and who was

paying the penalty of his extravagance under close arrest—there might be witnessed the hard plodding tradesman, driven to poverty by an untoward accident, the conflagration of his premises—at a solitary table with blood shot eye and fevered pulse, the gamester might be recognized, uttering execrations loud yet deep, against the demon of play, who had lured him to the fated table, to ruin by one desperate throw his worldly fortune—and who is that with fashionable cut coat, and dandy hat, cocked jauntily over his brow? a Bond Street lounger, whose bills for jewellery, clothes, and horses, have trebled his annual income, and now this exquisite will, until the process of whitewashing takes place, be confined to the Fleet Prison or King's Bench. One more specimen may be given, that slang looking gent, with drab coat and sporting buttons, blue and white spotted neck tie, ornamented with a pin, representing two fleet coursers struggling for a prize; he is a betting man, well known at Tattersalls' and Newmarket, an unfortunate loss upon the Derby has caused him to raise

a heavy sum at some Hebrew loan society, and the money not being forthcoming to meet his securities, he has undergone the unpleasant ordeal of being tapped on the shoulder, at the suit of those then well known parties, John Doe and Richard Roe. The den (for it scarcely deserves a better name) was ill-ventilated, and redolent of bad tobacco; a few empty porter pots, a pewter gill or two, some remnants of bread and cheese, and mutton chops, were on the different tables, while the occupiers of this wretched apartment, were pacing about, lounging, or sprawling upon chairs; how truly grateful did I feel that Mr. Winterburn had been spared this humiliation, for his room was a palace compared to this public one, and caused me to reflect on the comparative grades of misery in this world of care. While indulging in these thoughts, a familiar voice attracted my attention, and upon reaching the passage, I found my new ally, James Smith, just alighted from his cab.

“I came,” said he, “to assist your friend in case of difficulty, Mr. Mardock has settled the

affair, and has requested me to satisfy Mr. Hart's demand, for such I find is his name. 'Had I a *hart* for falsehood framed,'” continued he, singing a parody on that beautiful ballad, after the manner of a popular singer, but it would be endless to repeat the good things he said, and the snatches of music he sang upon this occasion, the name of the Sponging-House keeper affording him a favourable opportunity of perpetrating many puns and epigrams. One of this talented author's great powers of amusement, was, the happy knack he had of giving all the choicest pieces of music of ballad operas, with the most exquisite taste, there was not a note he was unacquainted with, and when in the vein, he would knock off some dozen printed lines to an old air, which charmed the listener not alone from its wit, but from the perfect style and melodious voice of the singer; few men ever contributed so much to society as the talented writer of the “Rejected Addresses,” while his mild and bland manner, and faultless toilet, acted as a passport in every society, and

rendered him the most popular man of his day.

Were I called upon to give an opinion as to the rank he held among his contemporaries, I should say George Colman, “bore of the bell;” Theodore Hook, as a boon companion and wit, was brilliant, but too often his tongue, like his pen, was steeped in gall; Barham, for classical knowledge, and quaint humour, as shewn in his “Ingoldsby Legends” had no equal; Cannon for dry droll satire, occasionally too caustic, shone pre-eminently great; Horace Twiss for conversational powers, theatrical anecdote, and general information, was a most “brilliant diner out;” Sydney Smith, a very giant, combined all the above social and vigorous qualities; Horace Smith whose talents did not shine forth in public so splendidly as his brother’s, possessed a highly cultivated mind, and a vein of the richest mirth and jest. Among such a host of talent, James the First, (as Smith termed himself, when he called upon a namesake, a second James who had taken chambers in the same house, to abdicate) could, as the saying

goes, always hold his own ; if he could not follow the author of "Broad Grins" in his resplendent shower of rockets, his squib always produced effect ; if he could not extemporize with Hook, he could entone with exquisite taste all the popular ditties of the day ; if he could not excel Ingoldsby in his trip to the coronation, he could equal him as an Epigrammatist and rhymer ; if he could not *Cannonize* the bench of bishops, like the reverend divine, whose name we have played upon, he could tell many an amusing story of the clerical orders ; if he could not discuss law, theatricals, and politics as well as Twiss, he could enlighten his audience with the most piquant stories of the green room, original sayings of Byron, George Lamb, Kinnauld, and other worthies who once formed the committee of Drury Lane ; if he yielded to the master mind of the all powerful Sydney Smith, he evinced no ordinary powers of his own ; if he failed to keep pace with his brother Horace as an historical romance writer, he surpassed him in lighter literature. Without offering any insidious comparison, we must add that James

Smith was a most temperate and abstemious man, and could make himself as agreeable upon a boiled chicken and a glass of sherry as his compeers upon turtle, venison, and champagne. He wanted no stimulant to rouse him to action, he was as ready with a good saying during the dull half hour before dinner, as he was after a grilled bone, and bowl of punch ; he did not require wine to bring out the wit, his spirits ever rose to the highest pitch without the aid of exhilarating draughts ; in addition to the above, his repartees, albeit pungent, were never acrimonious, his imagination which was playful to a degree, never descended to buffoonery, his sayings, produced by quickness of fancy, never degenerated into vulgarity, and whether at the hospitable board of those who imbibed “potations pottle deep,” or at a snug coterie of a fashionable dowager, no one could exceed James Smith as a thoroughly delightful and amusing companion.

Having satisfied Mr. Hart’s small account, as he was facetiously pleased to call it, we left this abode of extortion, and proceeded to our house,

where my father-in-law was installed, in a comfortable second-floor, consisting of two small rooms, which he was to look upon as his own during his stay in London. The question was now agitated as to Mr. Winterburn's future plans, Mary was most anxious that her father should take up a permanent residence with us, and the only draw-back was, the want of funds to make him independent of even a daughter's bounty; the above plan was warmly supported by myself, who with the ingenuousness of youth, argued that one additional person would make little difference in our house-keeping, and that my former tutor need not feel under any obligation, as his presence and advice would more than compensate for any trifling expense to which he might put us. These arguments, specious as they were, produced no effect, for Mr. Winterburn gratefully, but peremptorily refused to tax our hospitality for more than a week or two, during which time he hoped to get some situation.

In the mean time, the Essays upon which Messrs. Ryves and Hunter had advanced so

liberal a sum were in type, and every morning, the printer's boy brought a sheet or more for correction, and then began the labour that none but authors know, every letter had to be looked over, for fear an error had been made in the spelling; any alteration required the greatest attention in order that the new lines or words should occupy the same space the former ones had done, so as not to cause extra labour and expense; in addition to the above work, which was calculated to try the eyes of the careful reader, his patience was also put greatly to the test, for even in the very best printing establishments, mistakes will happen, and the imps who earn their livelihood by this black art, too often commit the most diabolical deeds, which if passed unnoticed, would render the meaning far different from that which was intended by the author. Many instances might be adduced, where the alteration of one word would make the sentence either unintelligible or absurd, nay even two letters misplaced would produce the same effect.

Never shall I forget the dismay I myself ex-

perienced when in a work, entitled : “Three years with the Duke,” in giving an extract from one of Wellington’s letters, referring to Fitzroy Somerset’s wound, the printer would persevere in spelling fever fear, “I have just seen him, and he is perfectly free from fear,” imagine for a moment such a word applied to so gallant a spirit as the Duke’s friend and companion in arms, the lamented Raglan, one whose memory like that of his former chief “will remain an imperishable monument enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen,” and “whose generous and lofty spirit inspired his troops with unbounded confidence.”

How well did the late commander of the forces in the Crimea merit the eulogium of his chivalrous ally, Pellissier.

“ Those who knew Lord Raglan, who were acquainted with the history of his noble life—so pure, so rich in services rendered to his country —those who witnessed his bravery on the fields of Alma and Inkerman, who remember the calm and stoic grandeur of his character during this severe and memorable campaign—all men

of heart, in fact, must deplore the loss of such a man. The sentiments which the Commander-in-Chief expresses are those of the whole army. He himself severely feels that unforeseen blow. The public sorrow falls more heavily upon him, as he has the additional regret of being for ever separated from a companion-in-arms, whose cordial spirit he loved, whose virtues he admired, and in whom he always found loyal and hearty co-operation”

To return to an author's difficulties in correcting the press, he has to alter wrong letters and words, to point out want of space between them, to prevent their being set double, to unite them when they should join, to erase superfluous ones, to set turned letters right, to transpose words, to insert those erroneously struck out, to attend to the punctuation, to make new paragraphs, to notice irregularities of lines, and to prevent what is technically called “overrunning,” which is caused by expunging without filling up, or adding without making space for the insertions; the result of which is, that every subsequent page to the termina-

tion of the chapter, or, if the work is continuous, to the end of all that has at that time been set in type, must be altered, adding considerably to the expense, which few, except those thoroughly conversant with the subject would be aware of.

Our trio were comfortably domiciled in the Edgeware Road, and we were all daily occupied in correcting the work upon which my father-in-law's literary fame depended. Mary, although no great scholar, was very quick in pointing out any errors of spelling or punctuation, and in less than a week, through our united exertions the last revise had been sent to the printer's; in the mean time the Essays had been duly announced, and the puff preliminary commenced. "We understand that the new work about to be published by Messrs. Ryves and Hunter is from the pen of a gentleman of the highest mental attainments, and that it will create a positive *furore* among the literati of the day, the subscription among the trade exceeds any previous one, and in these degenerate times, we hail with pleasure the acquisition

of a writer, who we are led to believe unites the soundest judgment, the most profound learning, with brilliant qualities, and sparkling wit."

The above was followed by another to the following effect. "So great is the demand for the new work about to be published by Messrs. Ryves and Hunter, that a thousand additional copies are now in the press; to prevent disappointment an early order is requested."

"Who could have written these paragraphs?" enquired Mary in the innocence of her heart, "a thousand additional copies will make your fortune, father."

"I must not be too sanguine," responded Mr. Winterburn, who although not behind the scenes, guessed tolerably well the source from which the above had emanated. The day of publication arrived, and on that morning half-a-dozen copies of the Essays were forwarded to the author.

"I must get you to send one to Mr. James Smith," I exclaimed, "he has taken so deep an interest—" here my remark was cut short

by the entrance of that gentlemen, who proceeded :

“Talk of you know what—and he is sure to appear, however on the occasion I am a sort of printer’s Mephistophiles, for hearing that as the preface writers say, your “small bark is launched on the ocean,” I am anxious that your “wet sheets,” should produce a “flowing *sale*.”

“A thousand thanks,” we all responded. “Your copy shall be left at your chambers this afternoon.”

“I have written to Hook,” continued our visitor, and his answer is characteristic, he says “‘although I have little acquaintance with the Press gang, I will do my best for the work you recommend ; our friend John Bull, over which I have *no* control, may perhaps gore it a little, but a little *bullying* won’t hurt, yours ever, T. E. H.’”

“John Bull!” echoed Mr. Winterburn, with all the fears of an author, “a word of censure from that paper would ruin me outright. I can bear a severe criticism, but to be laughed at would drive me distracted.”

“Be under no apprehension,” rejoined James Smith, “there will be no bull-baiting, Hook although he denies the editorship of that paper, is unquestionably the writer of all the brilliant effusions it contains. Who but he could have written the squibs on Queen Caroline and her court, leave it to us, Hook and *Eye* will unite to give you a lift. I have undergone all the attacks that authors are subject to, our Addresses were Rejected, and when accepted, were lashed pretty considerably by some of the reviewers, not that I object to a slashing article, (if it be not too severe), it creates an interest, and a demand, but don’t be down-hearted, Ryves tells me he hopes to get the Quarterly to give you a favourable notice; but what say you Miss Winterburn to the play this evening, I have some orders for the Haymarket at your service?”

Mary coloured slightly at hearing herself addressed by her maiden-name, and a cloud came over her father’s brow; both, however, passed away, and we gratefully accepted the courtesy of our new ally.

"I have three double orders," continued James Smith, "so dispose of them as you like," and presenting them to my wife, he took his leave.

"Are we not to have the pleasure of seeing you this evening?" I asked, as he was getting into this cab.

"I fear not," he replied, "Lady Cameron wrote to ask me to attend her *soirée*, to bring my songs, and make myself funny, but I replied, that I was engaged to eat fire, dance a hornpipe on a wooden platter at *Stepney* fair—the play upon the word is excuseable, for I am to join that lady's party at the 'Ship,' Greenwich, where I shall not be called upon by Sir Thomas to take the part of mountebank at a short notice. Adieu, I will send you any newspapers that give a fair criticism on your worthy tutor's work."

As Winterburn's thoughts were too much engrossed with his book, to allow him to turn them to another channel, he declined forming one of the party to the theatre; we, therefore, lost no time in communicating with the Hodsons, Miss M'Leod and her devoted ad-

mirer Mr. Sims, all of whom joyfully accepted the invitation, and our visit to the old house in the Haymarket, then in its most palmy days, was a treat of no ordinary gratification. Everything was now going on prosperously, the press, including 'John Bull,' had been most lavish in their praise of the new work, and justly did it deserve their eulogiums, the "Quarterly" had pronounced in its favour, and in a powerfully written article, declared it would take its stand among the best books of the day, the publishers had forwarded a further remittance, and all "went merry as a marriage bell," when I received an order to join the regiment, to which I had been gazetted at Windsor; this was accompanied by a letter from my father, saying that he should be in London the following day, to assist in getting my uniforms, previous to taking me to the head-quarters of the gallant corps in which I had attained the height of my ambition—a cornetcy.

The thought of meeting a parent, who I had deceived, of being a sort of walking lie to my family, caused me much embarrassment, nor

was the same effect wanting on Mr. Winterburn's part, who felt that he had lent himself to a deception from which (having as a man of honour pledged his word to me) he could not extricate himself. Mary alone retained her equilibrium, she knew that she was mine by the most sacred bonds, she loved and believed that she was beloved in return. Another reason bound her more strongly to me, her anticipations of becoming a mother ; and which she fondly hoped would cement more strongly, if possible, the affection that existed between us.

"I shall never then feel lonely, dearest Arthur," she exclaimed, "when you are away."

Although Mary's state of mind cheered me a little, I felt low, nervous, and dispirited. I had acted, and was acting a false part, and the thought of having deceived a parent who had forgiven so much, and who had acted so nobly in redeeming his promise, plunged me into the most intense misery.

How well, how truly the Reverend F. E. J. Valpy describes this feeling: "There is a voice which speaks to us in the heart, whose sounds

are acknowledged by all, for they are obeyed by the good, and feared by the bad. Its importunities may be soothed or lulled by artifice; they may be drowned or quenched for a time by violence or audacity; yet it rises the higher by depression, and throws its alarms and accusations with the greater force into the heart, the more it has been unheeded and despised." This voice is the voice of conscience, which Cicero calls a heavy weight, Lucan and Juvenal a witness in the breast, Menander a God to mortals; a bad conscience, or a consciousness of guilt is compared by Plutarch to an ulcer in the body; and Pythagoras declared that there was no bad man so bold as not to be reduced to the utmost timidity by it; that his mind has no rest, but is alarmed even at every wind. Seneca observes, that bad deeds are punished by the whips of conscience, whose power of torment is great and perpetual, and Cicero remarks, "Every man's own wicked fraud and consequent terror are his chief tormentors; every man's own iniquity harasses and drives him to ~~madness~~; his own wicked

thoughts and remorse of conscience terrify him."

But perhaps no writer has more vividly described the power of the inward monitor than Juvenal, thus translated :

“ But does the wretch, whom human laws release  
Scape Heaven’s high wrath, and pass his days in  
peace ?  
No—conscience, fell avenger, ever wakes ;  
With horror fills th’ astonished soul, and shakes  
A scorpion whip unseen by human eyes,  
Tortures the villain and all rest denies.”

END OF VOL II.

LONDON :  
Printed by Schulze and C<sup>o</sup> 13, Poland Street.

## INTERESTING NEW NOVELS.

---

### A WOMAN'S STORY.

By MRS. S. C. HALL. 3 Vols.

"A Woman's Story" is interesting. It is well and carefully written, and is quite equal to any of Mrs. S. C. Hall's other works."—*Athenaeum*.

### LIFE AND ITS REALITIES.

By LADY CHATTERTON. 3 Vols.

"A novel of lofty moral purpose, of great descriptive power, of high-toned feeling, and of admirable sentiment."—*Observer*.

### THE YOUNG BRIDE.

By MRS. BRISCOE. 3 vols.

"There is a charm in the style, and a sustained interest throughout the work."—*Observer*.

### THE SQUIRE OF BEECHWOOD.

3 Vols.

### THE TWO ARISTOCRACIES.

By MRS. GORE. 3 Vols.

"A tale worthy of a place beside the best of Mrs. Gore's previous productions."—*The Times*.

### NOTHING NEW.

By the Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN." 2 Vols.

"Two volumes, displaying all those superior merits which have made 'John Halifax' one of the most popular works of the day."—*Post*.

### JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

New and Cheaper Edition. 1 Vol. 10s. 6d.

### TRUE TO NATURE.

2 Vols.

"A very delightful tale; interesting from the healthy tone of its sentiment, and for the truth with which it pourtrays a chapter taken from the joys and sorrows of every-day life."—*John Bull*.

---

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS, SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN, 13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

76

18

